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Comment Of The Day

REFUGEE YEAR

It is with considerable pleasure that the China Mail welcomes the formation of a working committee for the World Refugee Year. Eleven months ago this newspaper gave considerable space to this project. It had just been proposed by three young Conservative writers who were full of hope that the idea would help to solve the world's four outstanding refugee problems, including the one in Hongkong. The plan has come a long way since and the Colony's hope must be that the local committee just formed will be able to bring our refugee problem forcibly before the nations of the world.

So far the United Nations has shirked accepting responsibility for our refugees. They have only expressed concern. Financial help from foreign and Commonwealth governments has been negligible though private organisations have shown a much closer interest in the plight of these people who must now number in excess of one million. But according to Chris Chataway—one of the three sponsors of the Refugee Year plan—it is intended that the local refugee problem should be dealt with as a matter of international responsibility.

"NOBODY suggests that any permanent solution to the problem can be found in one year," he said. "We do hope during the year that considerable sums of money can be raised both by private subscription and from Government contributions. Anything that the people in Hongkong can do to impress the facts upon those at home will be of enormous assistance," he added.

How can the World Refugee Year help Hongkong? Several hundred thousand people still need houses and jobs, and the additional burden of population caused by the refugee influx means also that we need more hospitals, schools, reservoirs and public transport. Directly and indirectly the cost of digesting this huge population will run into hundreds of millions of dollars, take years to accomplish. But the main need is to persuade our friends abroad that this is not a burden that Hongkong should continue to have to bear on its own. A small start has been made by the formation of the Committee. Hongkong wishes its members every success in their endeavours.

'LET 100 FLOWERS BLOOM' VICTIMS FORGIVEN Peking Readmits Rightists

Dulles Successor: No Announcement

Augusta, April 17. President Eisenhower's Press Secretary, Mr. James Hagerty, indicated in remarks to reporters here today that no announcement of a successor to Mr. John Foster Dulles would be made today.

He also said he did not know if an announcement would come tomorrow.

Questioned about a statement by Republican Senator Everett Dirksen that Christian Herter would be appointed, Mr. Hagerty said "I know the White House has not been in touch with anybody on this matter."

However, the Press Secretary did not discourage reports that Mr. Christian Herter would be named Secretary of State, as Senator Dirksen had predicted.—Reuter.

But They Hold Inferior Positions Now

By Ronald Farquhar

Peking, April 17. Repentant Chinese "rightists," purged from public life last year for attacking the Communist regime, were today publicly accepted back into the fold—though at a lower level.

Three former ministers were among 18 non-Communist politicians previously denounced who appeared as members of the Third National Committee of the Chinese People's political consultative conference, which opened a 13-day session here. They heard Mr. Li Wei-nan, Communist vice-chairman of this united front body, report that they had been appointed because they had "expressed the desire to mend their ways."

On Condition

Mr. Li said the return of the rightists was in accordance with the "spirit of serious repudiation and lenient treatment," which the Communist leader, Mao Tse-tung, had laid down as the way to deal with them.

Observers here interpreted the return of these people, who are mainly intellectuals, as the strongest Communist assurance yet that there was still a place for them in politics but it appeared obvious this was only on condition they behaved themselves, accepted Communist leadership and devoted their talents and ability to the service of the regime.

A year ago even this limited reinstatement seemed hardly possible in view of the vehemence of the attacks on them for abusing the "hundred flowers" invitation "to bloom and contend" by assailing Communist rule.

The three former ministers present today, Lo Lung-chi, Chang Po-chun and Chang Shieh-chi, were among the most prominent rightists ousted last year.

Beyond The Pale

Lo Lung-chi, formerly Timber Minister and Chang Po-chun, etc.—time Communications Minister, were accused of forming an "anti-Communist anti-people and anti-socialist clique." Chang Shieh-chi's staff at the Food Ministry were reported to have said he was "driven from head to toe with the poison of capitalism."

Another prominent rightist, Chen Hsiang-shan, a former Kuomintang general who got into trouble for publicly accusing the Soviet Union of exploiting China.

When compared with the wide extent of past anti-rightist campaigns, these few reinstatements indicate that many rightists are officially considered still beyond the pale, observers said.—Reuter.

DALAI LAMA'S SECRET FLIGHT RECOUNTED

Tezpur, Assam, April 17.

The story of the perilous fortnight's flight of the Dalai Lama across the Himalayas from Lhasa to India is slowly unfolding as more and more Tibetans arrive at this tiny railroad to greet their god-king tomorrow.

The 23-year-old spiritual leader of Tibet fled from the "Forbidden City" at midnight exactly a month ago after he had tried vainly to appease the Chinese authorities to avoid bloodshed. Tibetan sources told the Press Trust of India here.

His decision to quit his capital on the "roof of the world" was a momentous one, one source said.

Buddha Alone

"Buddha alone knows what would have happened to him" had he stayed in Lhasa, he added.

Other informed circles here were disinclined to believe the Chinese version that the Dalai Lama had left Lhasa under duress by the Tibetan rebels. On the other hand, had he remained, he would have been under the duress of the Chinese, they added.

To avoid detection the "living Buddha" and his party left Lhasa one by one to meet again at a rendezvous well outside the city, the sources said. Then, under the dim light of a crescent moon, they trekked all the way to the banks of the Brahmaputra river.

Chinese troops who were closing in on Lhasa were busy fighting the rebels then in the capital. By the time the Dalai Lama's flight was discovered, it was too late to do anything about it, the sources continued. It was a "breathless trek," spurred by constant fear of being overtaken.

Attendants and guards carried the Dalai Lama's 60-year-old mother and a 15-year-old young son, Ngari Rinpoche. The boy is also considered a "living Buddha" and is head of all the lamas (monks) in Western Tibet, the sources said.

Kept Posted

Runners in the Kham area kept the party posted on the position of the Chinese army. They were warned that a comparatively easy route from Lhasa to Bhutan, a state bordering on Tibet and India, was thick with Chinese troops and that many passes towards the West, up to Ladakh in Kashmir were being guarded by the Chinese.

The party, which split in two after leaving a place outside Lhasa, stayed in peasant huts and hovels of riverside fishermen until it finally decided to cross the Brahmaputra.

Night Travel

The crossing was made in boats made of yak hides. Then the fugitives made quickly for the caravan route of Bhudya and Tibetan traders towards the southeast.

Once across the river they had to pass through vast barren lands. Time was of the essence here since most of the journey had to be at night during the brief period of moonlight.—Reuter.

She Visits Japanese Who Saved Her Life

Osaka, April 17.

Mrs. Sylvia Dickmann, a 73-year-old British resident of Burma, has arrived in Japan to keep her promise that she would visit Japan to see Mr. Tanahiko Senoo, a former Japanese army private who saved her life in the jungles of Burma during the Pacific War.

Two years ago, Mrs. Dickmann left for Japan but she fell ill in Singapore and had to return to Burma.

Mr. Senoo, a second class private of the Japanese expeditionary forces in Burma, met her for the first time in the jungle near Myittha in north Burma in June, 1942. The soldier shared his military rations with her when she was wandering in the jungle with her husband on the verge of starvation.

After the Myittha campaign, Mr. Senoo and Mrs. Dickmann happened to meet again several times.

They last saw each other when the Imperial Japanese army in 1944. In 1946, Mr. Senoo returned home as a repatriate from Burma but correspondence between them continued.—China Mail Special.

TODAY'S TIPS

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

King Rider
Cursey
Ever-glo
Outsider: Tonyber

RACE 2

All Gay
Bluegrass
Giant Knight
Outsider: Nashua

RACE 3

Diamond Lil
Fel Chi
Golden Bear
Outsider: Perfectibility

RACE 4

Red Light
Winsome Stag
Vanity Fair
Outsider: Whirlaway

RACE 5

Courier
View point
Beautiful Flower
Outsider: Bonny Boy

RACE 6

Norse King
Hercule
Helicon
Outsider: Sincerely Yours

RACE 7

Forward View
Lombard
Free Kick
Outsider: French Bean

RACE 8

Asian Diamond
King Kong
Johnner
Outsider: Babbo

RACE 9

Million Bonus
New Delhi
Possibility II
Outsider: Mighty Courage

RACE 10

Top Speed
Yin Chi
Victoria Peak
Outsider: Isfahan

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Splendid
King Rider
Tonyber
Outsider: Tolt-Me-More

RACE 2

Giant Knight
Eureka
All Gay
Outsider: Bluegrass

RACE 3

Golden Bear
Fel Chi
So Big
Outsider: Advancement

RACE 4

Red Light
Winsome Stag
As You Wish
Outsider: Whirlaway

RACE 5

Courier
Fathfinder
Good Condition
Outsider: Beautiful Flower

RACE 6

Helicon
Hercule
Sincerely Yours
Outsider: Follow Me

RACE 7

French Bean
Forward View
Free Kick
Outsider: Empire Rose

RACE 8

Asian Diamond
Johnner
Butterfly
Outsider: Ivan Ho

RACE 9

Saratoga
New Delhi
Mighty Courage
Outsider: Ding Dong

RACE 10

Victoria Peak
Top Speed
Yin Chi
Outsider: Edinburgh

"THE TURF" PROGRESSIVE DOUBLE WINNERS

Race 2—Giant Knight; Race 10—Victoria Peak.

COMMONS QUESTION ON THE HYPNOTISED DRIVER

Paignton, Devon, April 17.

A local housewife, who passed her driving test under hypnosis will have questions asked in the House of Commons about her unusual achievement.

Mrs. Mary Pridmore, 25, passed her driving test after a visit to hypnotist, Henry Dlythe.

After hearing about her case today, Mr. Marcus Lipton a Labour MP decided to ask the Minister of Transport, Mr. Harold Watkinson, about people being hypnotised before taking driving tests.

Mr. Dlythe said today, "there is no question of cheating about it. All I did was to calm her and give her confidence, for like a lot of people she suffers from examination nerves."

Mr. Lipton said "I regard this as a most undesirable practice because obviously a person may be all right under the influence of hypnosis, but be a menace on the roads otherwise."—Reuter.

26 Die In Air Crash

Mexicali, Mexico, April 17.

Twenty-six people were killed today when a Tigres Voladores (Flying Tigers) of Mexico airline C-46 transport crashed near Guaymas, a beach and fishing resort on the Gulf of California.

The airline said five Americans from Los Angeles were aboard the ill-fated, twin-engine plane en route from Mexicali to Mexico City.

Among those reported killed was the pilot, Jose Lopez Mendriguila, 40, owner and general manager of Tigres Voladores.

The names of the others were being checked out by the airline.

First reports said the plane exploded in the air, but a later message from the crash scene at Bahla de Kino, on the eastern side of the Gulf and about 300 miles south of the international border, said the plane hit the beach.

Tigres Voladores said the dead were 18 adults, three children and five crew members. The airline is not connected with the American Flying Tiger line.—U.P.I.

Mike's Plane Was Overloaded

Washington, April 17.

The plane in which showman Mike Todd crashed to his death in New Mexico last year was reported today to have been seriously overloaded.

After long and detailed investigation, the Civil Aeronautics Board said in its report on the accident, in which Todd and three other men were killed: "The probable cause of this accident was the loss of control of an overloaded aircraft following the failure of an engine at a cruising altitude which was critical for single-engine operation. The loss of control was aggravated by surface ice accretion."—Reuter.

Belgian Sought

Tokyo, April 18.

Police are looking for a 37-year-old Belgian missionary, in connection with the murder of the beautiful, 19-year-old Japanese whose strangled body was taken from a river in the western section of the city on March 10, it was learned today.

Police had been conducting a secret investigation into the mysterious death of the pretty 27-year-old Tokomo Takekawa.—U.P.I.

THE NEW..... S&C

'SUPER' SIX REFRIGERATOR

S&C

THE GREAT NEW 1959 HILLMAN MINX

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Driving is believing. Sit behind the wheel of this masterly Minx and you know at once you're in a great car.

The new Hillman Minx 1500 c.c. engine makes this great new family saloon into a big car performer.

Prove it for yourself—today!

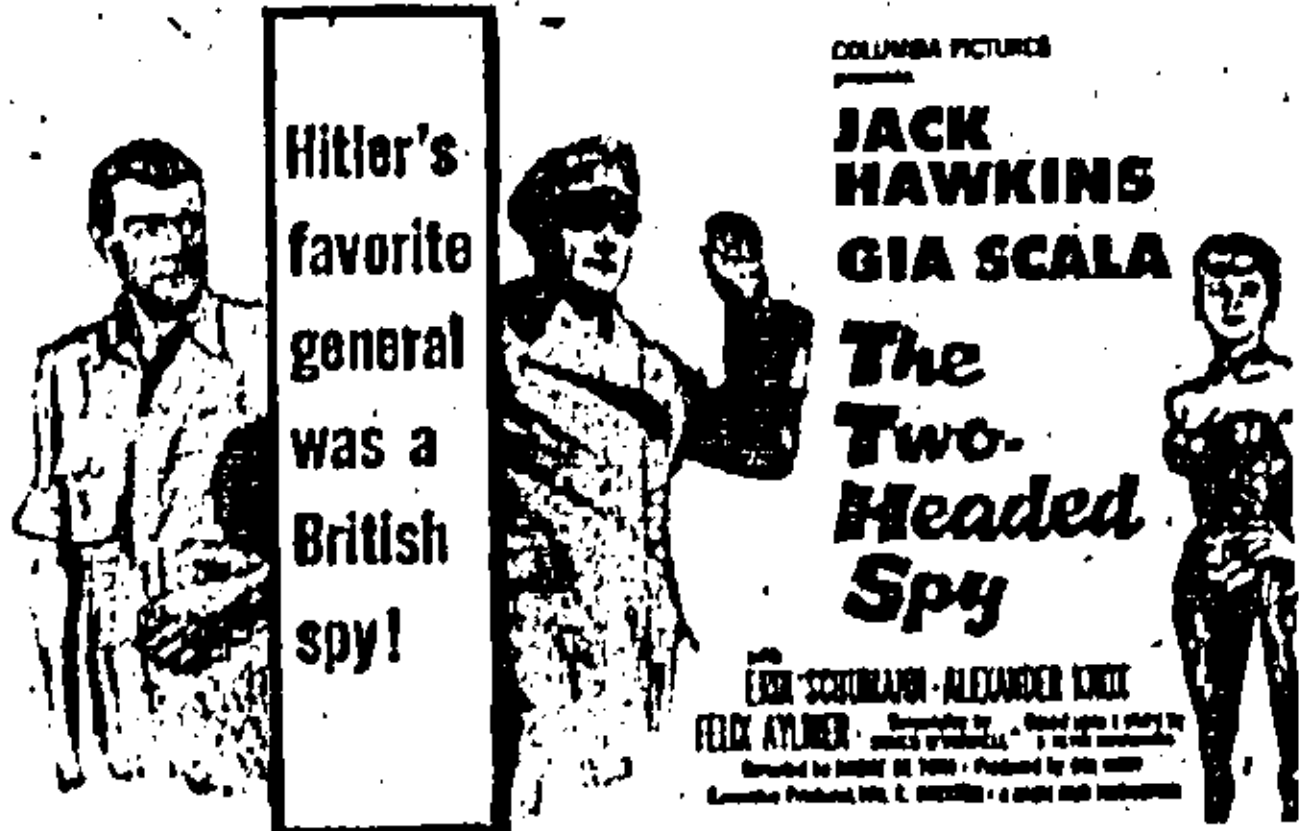
Drambuie originated in the Isle of Skye where it was made in accordance with the recipe presented to a Macdonald by Prince Charles in 1743. The secret remains in the same family to this day.

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KING'S PRINCESS

★ **SHOWING TO-DAY** ★
The Fantastic Exploits of the Master Spy of World War II. The Nine Lives and Countless Loves of the Spy Without Precedent. Colonel Scotland of the British Intelligence Who Lived for 25 Years as General Scotland of the German High Command.



PRINCESS WEEK-END MATINEE & MORNING SHOWS

TO-DAY At 12.30 p.m. M-G-M Presents
Stewart GRANGER • Rhonda FLEMING in
"GUN GLORY" in Cinemascope • Technicolor
TO-MORROW At 11.00 a.m. Walt Disney Presents
"DONALD DUCKS
CARTOONS" in Technicolor
At Reduced Prices: 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

KING'S SUNDAY MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS

TO-MORROW At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M Presents "TOM & JERRY CARTOONS" in Technicolor
TO-MORROW At 12.15 p.m. Warner Bros. Presents John Wayne in "SEARCHERS" in Technicolor

AIR-CONDITIONED STAR METROPOLE

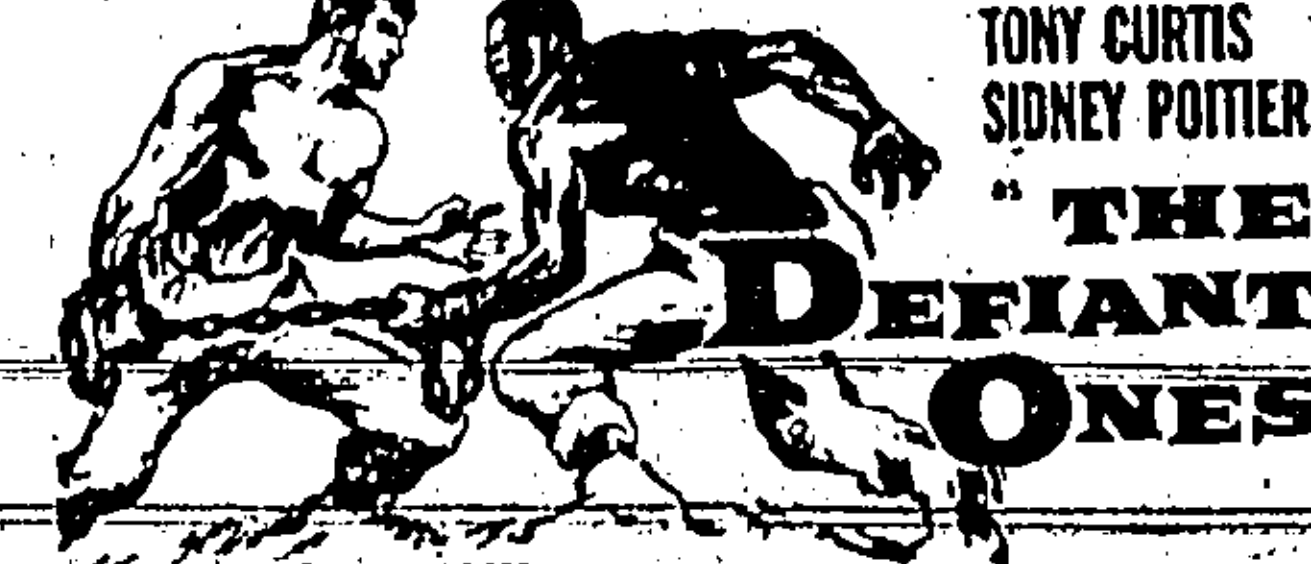
★ **SHOWING TO-DAY** ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

STAR: To-day, To-morrow & on Tues., 21st April
Extra Performance of
"THE DEFIANT ONES" At 12.30 p.m.
THE YEAR'S MOST HONORED PICTURE FROM U.A.I.
Voted by "Film Daily" as ONE of
THE TEN BEST of 1958!

2-ACADEMY-OSCAR Awarded for
BEST SCREENPLAY
(Nathan E. Douglas &
Harold Jacob Smith)
BEST CINEMATOGRAPHY (B. & W.)
(Sam Leavitt)

PLUS
8 VARIOUS AWARDS FROM LEADING MAGAZINES
AND MAJOR SOCIAL CONCERNS
THROUGHOUT EUROPE AND AMERICA!

CHAINED FURY!



HONGKONG CENSORBOARD REMARKS:
NOT SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN!

ADMISSION: Logo \$3.50, Dress Circle \$3.00,
Back Stall \$2.40, Middle Stall \$1.70,
& Front Stall \$1.20.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
WALT DISNEY'S FOX
LATEST TECHNICOLOR-CARTOONS PROGRAMME

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.15 p.m. 20th Century-Fox presents
In Cinemascope & Color
"THE TRUE STORY OF JESSE JAMES"
Starring: Robert Wagner

RITZ CINEMA

★ **FINAL TO-DAY** ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

smart alec... Guinness
"The Horse's Mouth"
TECHNICOLOR

TO-MORROW: Peter CUSHING in
"THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

I AM nauseated. I have just been reading a review from England of the film now showing at the King's and Princess, "The Two-Headed Spy."

This angry young film critic, with all the experience that can be gained between Mayfair and Leicester Square, bleats from Shepherd's Market that this is a "sweetly" (note that angry adjective) old fashioned film.

"It reminds me of those war time escapades which were designed to show the masses how nasty the Nazis were... the evil Fuchrer, the Gestapo torture chambers..." and so on. It is evident that P.G.D. of R & F is not only angry, he is simply furious that any could hold such antiquated notions.

He says the film pretends to be true, but that the British War Office will not come clean with the Columbia Film Company. "That," he takes it, is proof that it is not true.

As a matter of fact, "The Two-Headed Spy" is as thrilling as it is possible to be. It has General Scotland, a top General of Hitler's, working for the British side.

I have no means of knowing whether all the incidents of the film are true, but it is a fact that there was a mixed kind of German officer of mixed kind who did work for the British Intelligence; and I took it for granted that the film had this officer in mind.

There is a harrowing scene of the Gestapo torture chamber which the said quoted reviewer of R & F thinks should be left out. Apparently he cannot believe such things took place.

Jack Hawkins gives a fine and audacious account in the role of General Scotland; Alexander Knox as the Gestapo chief and Erik Schumann as the General's aide also interpret their characters with intelligence.

The romantic slant is when General Scotland, trying to locate an agent to take the place of one who had died under Nazi torture, falls in with Gloria Scala, and incidentally falls in love with her.

Certainly one of the best and certainly one of the most unusual of the espionage stories, this film is a thrill from beginning to end.

"PERRI" (Roxby and Broadway) is the latest of the Walt Disney fantasies to be shown in Hongkong. It illustrates the lively biography of a female squirrel, which, after eluding many dangers, finds a mate. "Perri" is superbly photographed in Technicolor; the film covers the beauty of four changing seasons, so that the exquisite forest background lends a vivid perspective against which the squirrel's life drama is played.

There are the tender pathos, spontaneous comedy, stark melodrama, and thrilling spectacle.

The furry tailed heroine and her hero, take on human qualities, and their courtship and fight for survival give the main appeal and drama of a "straight" picture.

Now, and again, Nature red in tooth and claw is evident, but in the main, the measure and the grotesque are avoided.

Haunting songs, a beautiful dream, a rhythmic commentary smoothly riding of the excellent qualities of the film.

In a way, you could say of squirrels as well as humans, that the past is lost and does not run smooth. Perri is a little pine squirrel who loses her parents when she is very young in life. She is quick witted, however, and manages to avoid all the terrors of the woods. But she longs for a place of her own. Nearby is Porro, quite a dandy of a squirrel, and what's more, an eligible bachelor.

He saves Perri from a wild cat, and she determines to build her home in his suburb. Then, when all seems well, and they are about to get married, her forest fire sends them scattering. But all ends well.

The film is outstanding for the following Disney reasons. First, it is photographed in natural surroundings, and once again the Disney producers are able to give the animals strong personalities of their own.

Perri and Porro could not do better. It is as if they knew just what they are about and had signed a contract with Walt Disney.

As a contrast, the enemy animals have all the characteristics of screen villains. The interplay among the "types" is astonishingly real.

The fun interludes are the young squirrels learning to fly from tree to tree, and the dream ballet, cunningly conceived piece of film technique.



Jack Hawkins and Gloria Scala in a scene from "The Two-Headed Spy."

All this latter offers light relief to the terror of the storm and fire sequences. The camera work is really wonderful... the close-ups which bring a human quality to the animal's face. The music is delicately woven to the theme, "Together Time," a particularly apt number which delicately heralds mating time.

There are two killings, but as these happen to Perri's enemies, the children will not win approval to see evil laid low.

So "Perri" as delicate as a fairy story underlines the exquisite approach to the down-to-earth resume of life-in-the-race of the animal kingdom.

A film I heartily recommend for all that is best in cinema.

★ ★ ★

"FORT DOBBS," showing at the Lee and Astor, is a straightforward western, finely photographed in monochrome.

It has as its theme the misadventures of a tough cowpoke, wrongly accused of murder, who, while on the run, protects an attractive young woman, and her small son from Indians. Finally he marries her.

The main ingredients are familiar, and the film was popular in the States because it introduced TV favourite Clint (Cheyenne) Walker to a cinema public in a full length film.

The picture does not take the shortest way to a happy ending, but it varies its interests, ranging from evergreen romance and small boy antics, to nightmarish and Indians in which the latter get more than their feathers ruffled. Clint Walker is not a great actor, but his mighty physique and quickness on the draw serve him well in this film.

Virginia Mayo makes a courageous and comely Coila, while Brian Keith is as good a villain as was ever hissed off the screen. Richard Eyer enjoys himself.

The film has a storming finish, and although it lacks colour and scope, is far from lacking stature on its own account.

★ ★ ★

THERE are many reasons why, from time to time, films become a household topic. Instances are "Garbo"

Speaks, a certain word used in "Pygmalion" brings out the brass bands and street parades to keep the sanguinary oath off the screen.

"The Defiant Ones" now showing at the Star and Metropole, will be talked about and remembered by this generation for its compassionate and intelligent statement on the filthy race war business that has broken out in three continents.

The telling is quite straightforward, even melodramatic. A truck carrying a load of convicts crashes off the road. Two escape. A white man Johnnie (Tony Curtis) and a black man (Sidney Poitier). They are linked together by a chain. It is short enough to hold them close together. It is long enough to permit them to knock hell out of each other.

Someone asks: "Why have they chained a white man to a nigger?"

Another answers: "They had a sense of humour."

Surely the shock here is that there is a type of mind which is considered sufficiently intelligent to hold a minor office but would consider such a thing humorous.

From then on the film centres on the mutant. But the unusual twist is that racial hatred almost exceeds the common desire of the two men to escape to freedom.

They must fight. They must fight. They must fight. Only the better, each, given the situation. "They will kill"



Fort Dobbs

one another before they cover five miles."

The hunters in full cry is a humiliating scene. One asks whether it is of any use worrying about the survival of the human race when some men are so obviously primitive remnants.

The whole thing is like the first of October on the moors, only there are men to shoot, not pheasants.

The humanitarian is the sheriff. He refuses the police captain permission to use guns and dogs. "They are not rabbits, these are men." But are they? When does a man cease to be a man? At what stage can you shoot him down like a mad dog?

There is a near lyfing scene. A former convict intervenes on their behalf. (While man) Cara Williams, waiting for a man; any man.

Even when I say, you must see this film, I ask myself why. The reason is, not only good entertainment, it is in fact good melodrama, even though it is so cruel; but at the same time it is an opus of indictment. It indicts you; it indicts me. Before the bar of humanity, it finds us all guilty.

★ ★ ★

"WATUSI" gathers together some of the ingredients of "King Solomon's Mines," and redistributes them in a colourful and exciting story.

Along the way, it has time to pronounce upon racial hatreds. Not so much those of colour as upon European national enmities.

This interested me more than the scenes of the wild animals, good as they are.

For truth to tell, I have seen so many crocodiles sliding into

the river; so many giraffes loping along; so many elephants blowing tritonic raspberries, that I am tired for the time being, of all the animal kingdom.

In this film, there is another search for the Mines of Solomon. In fact they reach it, and there are so many jewels there, that it looks like the Whitechapel branch of Woolworth's Stores.

But on the way, there are all sorts of dangers. Not least, a jump over a fire, and this dangerous scene will have the audience spilling ice cream all over the place.

There is a nasty scene when the natives sharpen up spears to add a little point to the story.

George Montgomery takes over the role of Harry Quartermaster, apparently son of the great Allan Harry. He is a trifle inoffensive owing to certain unattractive incidents arising out of the behaviour of the foe during World War I.

David Farrar as Rick Cobb, is George's partner on this excursion. Miss Taina Elg, daughter of a German Missionary, is first, the subject of George's scorn, and later his lady-love when at last he learns a little tolerance.

No brain-leaser, this is good entertainment on the Boys' Own Paper lines. The whole family can gather together for a good show.

★ ★ ★

Speaking of theatres, neither the Star nor the Metropole are large enough to carry the huge productions they are showing. They have shown fewer films than any other cinemas this year because, although they are smaller theatres, they have had a lot of big productions. Cinemas and Stereophonic sound demand enormous screens and deep breadth and depth in a theatre.

★ ★ ★

I told you earlier that Lilli Palmer has had her Hollywood contract extended. Paramount have written to say they have signed up Fred Astaire to play opposite her.

★ ★ ★

The film is "The Pleasure Of His Company." This is a straight role for Fred Astaire who plays a man-about-town who returns to America to his estranged wife, Lilli Palmer, because they disagree about their daughter's forthcoming marriage to a cattleman.

★ ★ ★

The latest one to be bitten by the Science-Fiction bug is Jerry Lewis.

★ ★ ★

He is to star in "Visit to a Small Planet." The story deals with an outer space visitor to earth who tangles with the world affairs for his own amusement.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Perri" Technicolor true life fantasy illustrating courtship of squirrels. Outstanding feature is Disney's ability to credit animals with human personalities. Light relief, thrills, catchy songs, and exquisite forest settings make this an "in" film for all the family.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Defiant Ones." One of the really great films in both theatres and production. Hollywood's attack on the filthy racial war. Problem has two men chained together in an attempt to escape prison. Tony Curtis (Johnnie) and Sidney Poitier (black man) are linked together by a chain.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Two-Headed Spy." Intense and exciting espionage picture with Jack Hawkins as Hitler's trusted general, but who is really

serving the Allied cause. Extremely well made with most authentic scenes. Introduces Gloria Scala as companion-captain agent. Also Erik Schumann and Alexander Knox.

HOOPER & GALA: "Watusi." Technicolor adventure which takes theme of "Rider Haggard's" "King Solomon's Mines," with a twist on racial hatreds. Colourful, thrilling, with excellent wild scenes. Is a family film all the way. George Montgomery; Taina Elg; and David Farrar.

LEE & ASTOR: "Fort Dobbs." Clint (Cheyenne) Walker in straightforward western concerning tough hombre who is cleared of murder charge and marries widow. Ingredients familiar but well mixed up. Good brother against Indians and impressive vistas. Also Virginia Mayo and Brian Keith.

COMING

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Warlock." Film takes its name from a sunbaked dusty frontier town in which people live in fear of raids from the San Pablo ranch. So Henry Fonda (gunman) is hired to protect them. Melodramatic; fast shooting; plus the new ingredients of the Big Screen. Also Dolores Michaels, and Anthony Quinn, and Richard Widmark. Cinemascope and Colour.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Escort West." Conventional Western at its most effective. Straightforward story, deftly developed and punctuated by rough and tumble action at frequent intervals. Victor Mature; Elaine Stewart; and Faith Domergue. Cinemascope.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Horse's Mouth." Comedy, playing over a farce, which has Carr

Grant bringing up a family, and making a mess of it until maid Sophia Loren comes upon the scene and iron out all his difficulties. Good contemporary American humour. Big screen and colour.

HOOPER & GALA: "The Journey." Usually good film which has Hungarian riding of 1958 as its background. Yul Brynner as Communist Major Surov plays opposite Deborah Kerr as helpful Lady Hana Ashmore. Co-starring Robert Meeley and E. G. Marshall. Big screen and Metroscope.

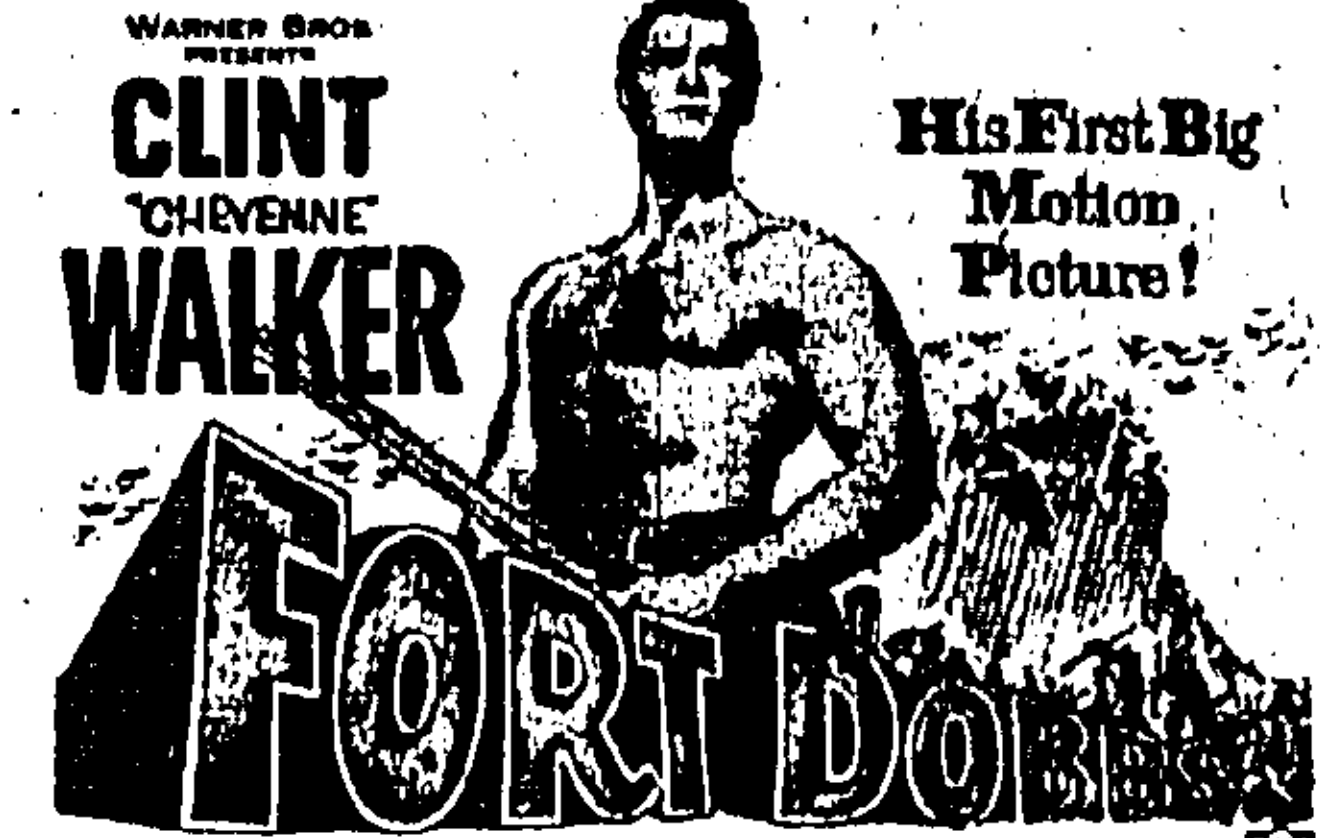
LEE & ASTOR: "Ride a Dabok." "Trail" Ando Murphy in an intriguing role as an outlaw forced to make his way to town marshal. Gloria Scala as the Crime Beauty. Co-starring Walter Catlett and a singing team; and Henry Silva as a killer. Screen and Colour and Cinemascope.

Lee & Astor

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SHOWING TO-DAY

4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



VIRGINIA MAYO • BRIAN KEITH • RICHARD EYER
Written by BURT KENNEDY and GEORGE W. GEORGE • Produced by MARTIN RUCKEN
Directed by GORDON DOUGLAS

MORNING SHOW — AT REDUCED PRICES

LEE THEATRE To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
ASTOR THEATRE To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. 3 STOOGES COMEDIES & COLOR CARTOONS

at 12.30 p.m. GIRL CAN'T HELP IT
at 12.30 p.m. AND GOD CREATED WOMAN

NEXT CHANGE



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★ OPENING TO-DAY ★

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



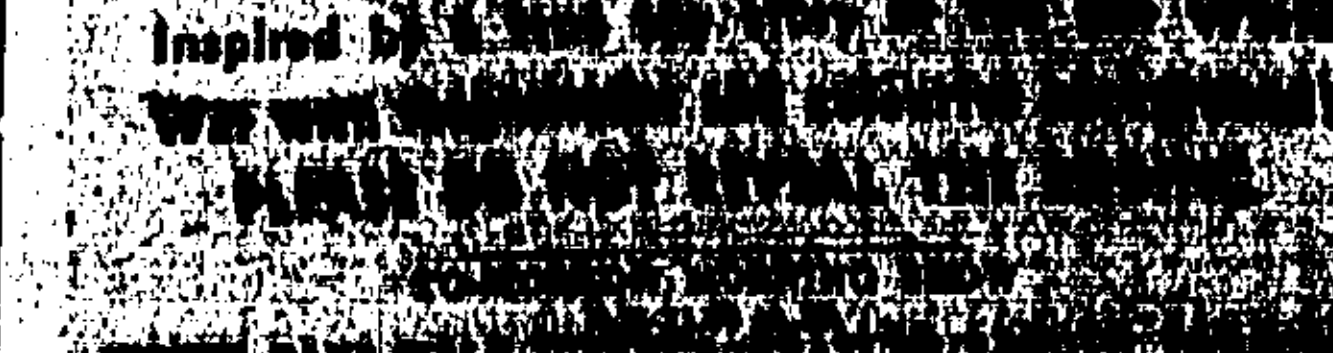
Special Matinee To-morrow At Reduced Admission

Gala Theatre at 11.00 a.m. M-G-M COLOR CARTOONS
Gala Theatre at 12.15 p.m. Grace Kelly • Alec Guinness in "THE SWAN"

Hoover Theatre at 12.00 noon Jane Powell • Edmund Purdom in "A THENA"

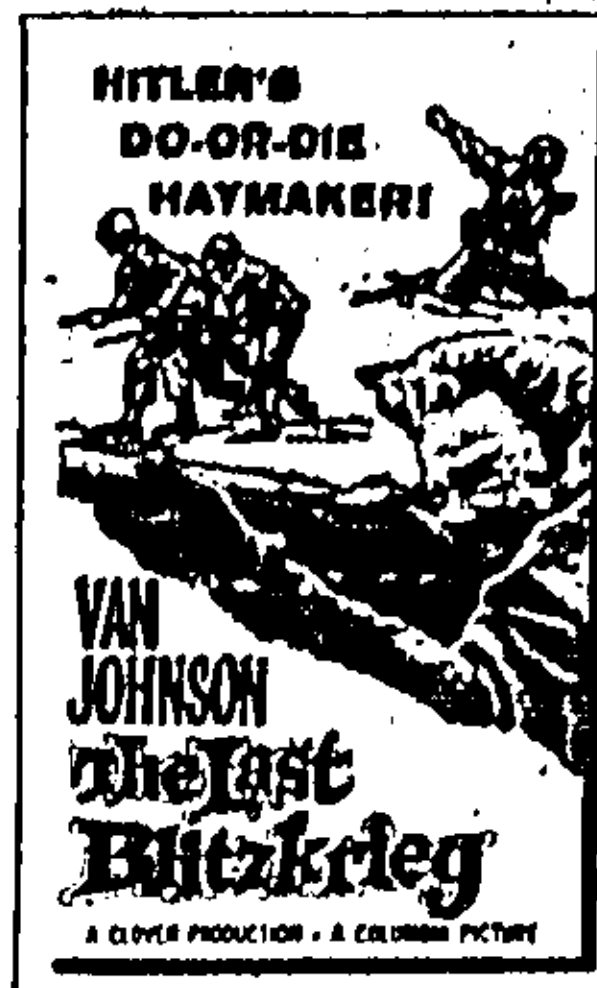
CAPITOL

Powerful • Ingenious • Sparkling with Wit! It Gives you in Substance From the Very Beginning!



STATE

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At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m.



Sunday Morning Show
At 12.15 p.m.
CHARLIE CHAPLIN in
"MODERN TIMES"
At Reduced Prices!

COMING SOON
TO
KING'S & PRINCESS



They'll float
your heart away
on waves
of love and
laughter!

HOUSEBOAT
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MARTHA HYER
HARRY GUARDINO
"LOVE FROM THE HOUSEBOAT"
"LOVE FROM THE HOUSEBOAT"
"LOVE FROM THE HOUSEBOAT"

STAGE CLUB

Ustinov's
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ROMANOFF
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To co-ordinate the activities of
voluntary welfare organizations, and
to promote the knowledge and
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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Mr Speaker: The Great Job No One Wants

London.
"I've got a great job for you," says the boss. "Security as long as you want it and a fat pension when you retire."

Canada Prepares For Flight To Space

ONE of the first earth-men to go to the moon will probably be a Canadian. George McLean, test pilot for Canadair, makers in Canada of the Sabre jet fighter and the Bristol Britannia turbojet freighter, has revealed that a Canadian pilot is already being trained for the return landing to earth.

"It has been estimated that a runway of 25 miles should be allowed for the landing," he said.

"The pilot—his identity is a secret—is practising in a Sabre jet. He makes an almost vertical dive from a great height, cutting out his power and landing with the aid of a giant parachute behind the aeroplane."

'Within a year'

And in Toronto, Dr Phillip A. Lapp, president of the Canadian Astronomical Society, said it was almost certain that the United States would be the first nation to put a man into outer space.

"He will be out of the atmosphere only for about five minutes, and the feat will be achieved within the next year," he predicted.

Dr Lapp, who is also a senior project engineer with the missile division at de Havilland Aircraft of Canada, said this undoubtedly will be followed by putting a man into orbit.

The U.S. Air Force, he said, has rocket boosters capable of hurling several thousand pounds payload into space.

(London Express Service).

Don't Move Work

London.
PARLIAMENT Member Tom Brown told the House of Commons of an industrial accident claims tribunal which issued a certificate that said: "This man is fit for suitable work which does not involve standing, sitting, bending or lying down."—U.P.I.

The Reason

Way all this shadow boxing? It goes back 300 and 400 years to the days when the speaker had to transmit personally to the sovereign the decision of Parliament. Henry VIII, Elizabeth I, Charles I kept the hangman and axeman busy and anyone who affronted them literally risked his life.

So no one wanted to be speaker.—U.P.I.

Complain

And you complain every foot of the way.
Does this sound impossible? It is going to happen in the near future to some eminent Briton? The House of Commons is already preparing for the play-acting that will give it a new speaker somewhat in the manner of the imaginary dialogue above.

The Mother of Parliaments is an extraordinary blend of the comic and the tragic. On state openings, for instance, the door of the Commons is slammed and bolted right in the face of the Queen's messenger, as a symbol of independence. One member ostentatiously puts on his hat in the presence of the monarch—an ancient privilege that goes with his seat.

There are sword loops in the new cloakrooms although no one has worn a sword to Parliament for over a century. All members still bow towards the speaker on leaving the chamber though they are actually bowing to the altar of a long-vanished church in which they used to meet in olden days. And so on.

Skunk-Fur Toupee

Memphis, Tenn.
Solemn Paul Bishop's new toupee gives him that "distinguished" look, with the white streaks in the dark hair adding just the right touch.

It all started when Bishop kidded co-worker Pearl Thompson about her new fur jacket.

Bishop remarked that the jacket looked like skunk fur, and he needed a toupee of the same material to keep his bald head warm.

His grandfather, the Nizam, is reputed to be the richest man in the world. He met Miss Birgen, a Turkish student, three years ago. She is now 21.—Reuterphoto.

"Not for me," you say. "There's your new office," says the boss. "You'll be honoured above most men and you're a clinch for a peerage."

"Get someone else," you say. "Okay then," says the boss. "If you won't take it voluntarily, we'll force you to take it."

"Force away," you say. So they drag you to your new office and sit you on the chair that will make you rich and famous and give you a place in history.

One Footers

Des Moines.
A THIEF who took \$1,040 in women's show samples from the car of salesman John Schroeder of Lancaster, Ohio, later dumped his loot in disgust.

Every show was for the left foot.—U.P.I.

Moscow Sees Its First Cheesecake

Moscow.

Cheesecake has arrived in Moscow! The Soviets—already masters at classic ballet, circus, puppet shows and the theatre—finally presented their first ice show.

"I've heard the penguin number is the best," a Russian remarked eagerly before the performance began in the Sports Palace, a huge gymnasium-like building holding a sea of 20,000 enthusiastic citizens.

It was easy to see why word had spread through conservative Moscow about the penguins. As ice numbers go, it was no sensation.

But onto the ice glided 20 curvy beauties, prancing to lively, fast music in brief penguin outfits that showed their entire legs.

Plumper than the Western brand, but not bad at all.

This electrified the Moscovites the way an ice show featuring, say, cats on skates would startle Americans. In this almost puritanical country, girls in brief costumes dancing to jazz—with provocative tails on their costumes—hadn't been seen before.

They have been seen, scaling telegraph poles to join high tension power lines. They swim icy rivers, ski around boulders and trees, leap like hares across ditches.

The Mad Daredevils of Modena are officially known as the Volante del Soccorso, the flying emergency squad, a privately-organized group of unpaid volunteers trained to tackle any emergency at any time or place.

No Profit

The leader is Ariodante Mazzacurati, a 34-year-old former paratrooper, who has given the group instructions in flying airplanes, helicopters, driving all kinds of vehicles, including bull-dozers and tanks.

The youngest member is able to handle these man-sized chores in addition to her duties as a nurse, cook and midwife. The daredevils are financed by a group of Modena businessmen.

Manopoly

Wichita, Kansas.
Fey Crocker's grandfather, Ernest, introduced golf to Uruguay when he built that South American country's first course, a nine-hole layout, 10 miles from Montevideo.

Her father Fred won the championship of Uruguay 23 times, an honor which was his wife's crown six times, and Fey herself has won it 20 times.

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U.P.I.

U.P.I.

Richest Man's Heir And Bride



Prince Mukarram Jah, grandson and heir of the Nizam of Hyderabad, pictured with his bride, the former Miss Eara Birgen, at Hyderabad House, London, after they were married at Kensington register office. The Prince, 25, was educated at Harrow and Cambridge and went to Sandhurst for military training.

His grandfather, the Nizam, is reputed to be the richest man in the world. He met Miss Birgen, a Turkish student, three years ago. She is now 21.—Reuterphoto.

The Mad Daredevils Are Ready To Serve

Modena, Italy.

It is easy to understand why a group of 12 men and a woman call themselves "The Mad Daredevils."

Sometimes, they can be seen landing on the rooftops of a nearby mountain village by parachute, or dressed like men from Mars, in special asbestos suits, dashing through the fire and smoke of a blazing shack.

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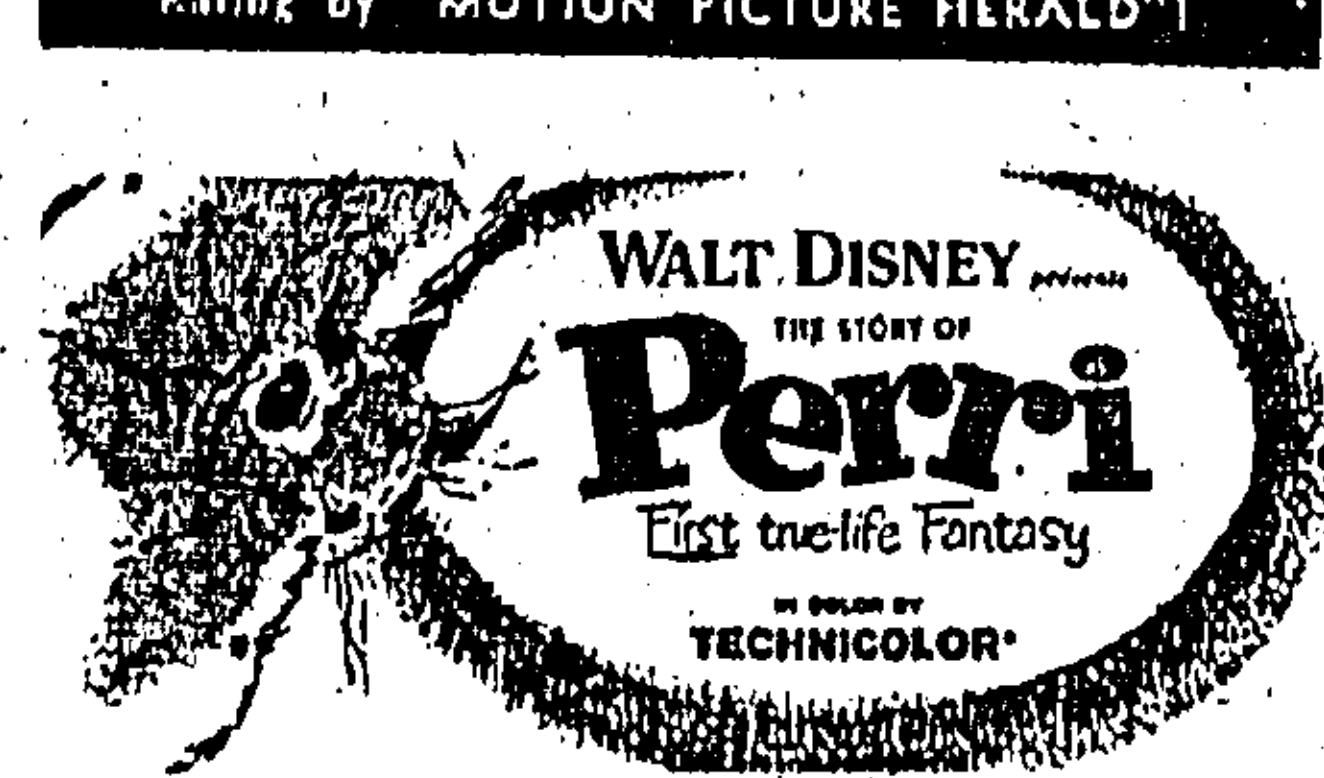
U.P.I.

U.P.I.

ROXY & BROADWAY

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Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

"SUPERIOR!"
Rating by "MOTION PICTURE HERALD"



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Short Subject in COLOR
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BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
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HEART'S CONTENT
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HAMMOND
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL

BELOW: Sir Oswald Mosley, baronet leader of the pro-war Fascist party and the post-war Union movement, is standing again for Parliament for the first time since the war. He was last a member in 1931, when he was defeated after leaving the Labour Party for Fascism. The other night he took to the hustings with an adoption meeting in the heart of Notting Hill, (part of the North Kensington constituency, and scene of last year's race riots). And he told his audience: "We are going to tell the coloured people to go back home." He also said that he intended solving part of the West Indian problem by buying sugar from Jamaica instead of Cuba to create employment. Other planks in his platform: uniting Europe into one 300 million people nation; and dividing Africa into two parts—one for whites and one for blacks.



A SELECTION OF THE LATEST NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BRITAIN

LEFT: Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, in London on a European tour with her youngest granddaughter, Nina, seen speaking at the WVS (Women's Voluntary Service) 21st anniversary meeting recently.



ABOVE: With only a few weeks to go before he visits the Kremlin at Khrushchev's invitation, Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery recently went to No. 10 Downing Street to talk the trip over with the Prime Minister. And word of the talks—which lasted 105 minutes—got round so fast that there were 400 people there to see him leave, escorted by police. So far there has been no official comment on the talks, in which Foreign Minister Selwyn Lloyd also took part. Picture shows Polico surrounding the bowler-hatted old soldier as he walks away. He has been to Russia before—in 1947 when he was Chief of the Imperial General Staff; this time the visit is strictly private.



RIGHT: Film actor Jack Lemmon, who flew into London from the Continent recently, and talked, not films—but doughnuts. Jack is the Crown Prince of doughnuts. His father Jack Lemmon too, is vice-president of the D.C.A.—the Doughnut Corporation of America. They call him King of the Doughnuts. And dad wanted his son to "go into doughnuts." Dad says "Jack is the best salesman the company ever lost."

RIGHT TOP: Claud Hulbert is offered cake by Eunice Gayson (rt) and Dulcie Gray during the sherry and cake party held at the Cambridge Theatre recently prior to the rehearsals of the Fred Lansdale comedy, "Let Them Eat Cake." The new play will have one of the strongest casts of stars ever seen in a stage presentation.



RIGHT BELOW: Lady Churchill (left) seen in conversation with Lady Attlee, both wives of Prime Ministers of this country, before the luncheon given at the Dorchester Hotel to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the late President of the United States.



RIGHT: Three-year-old Charles Albert Early is very conscientious—so much so that when he was given the job recently of presenting a blanket, a gift for chickenpox-stricken Prince Charles, to the Queen at Witley, Oxfordshire, he made sure it didn't fall into the wrong hands. Impeccably behaved as he presented it, he was dismayed when the Queen handed it over to her assistant private secretary, Sir Edward Ford. So he ran forward again, snatched it from Sir Edward, and placed it triumphantly in the Queen's car. The Queen laughed, the crowd cheered, Charles blushed—but duty was done. Picture shows Charles and his gift—woven in his father's Witley blanket mill.



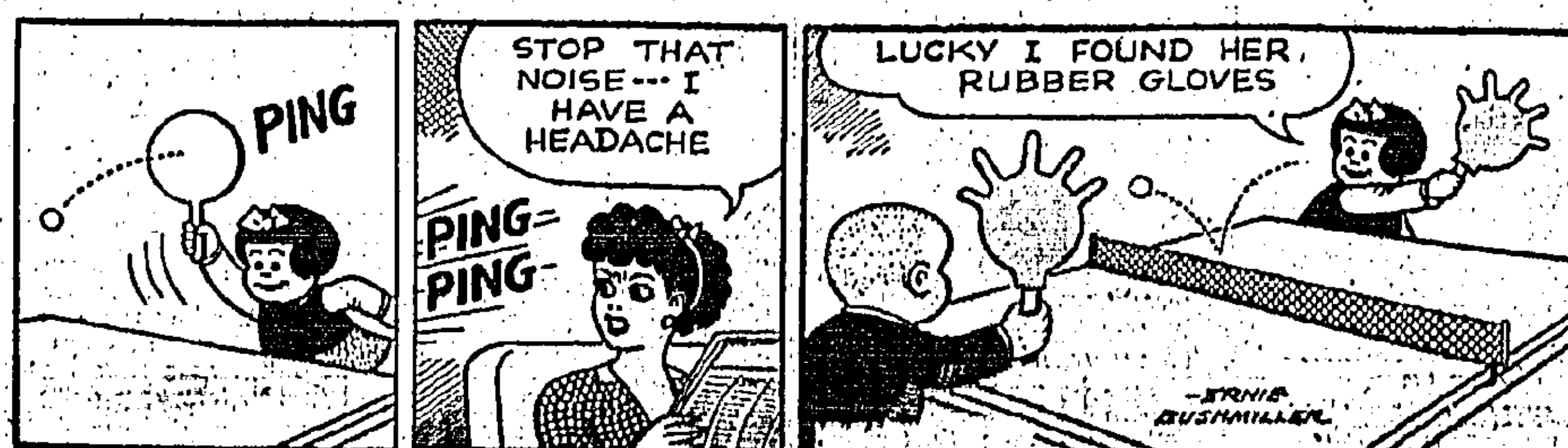
RIGHT: The sun shone all day recently when Chancellor of the Exchequer, Dorick Heathcoat Amory, who the next day faced the Commons with his 1959-60 Budget, took advantage of the sunshine to relax on the Medway in his 13-ton sloop Ailanthus with a crew of five Harrow sea cadets and an officer. One of the few bachelors in the government, he claimed: "This gets me away from it all." First person to hear the Budget secrets was, as usual, the Queen, in a special audience.

Picture shows the Chancellor and his crew casting off from a naval wharf at Gillingham, Kent.

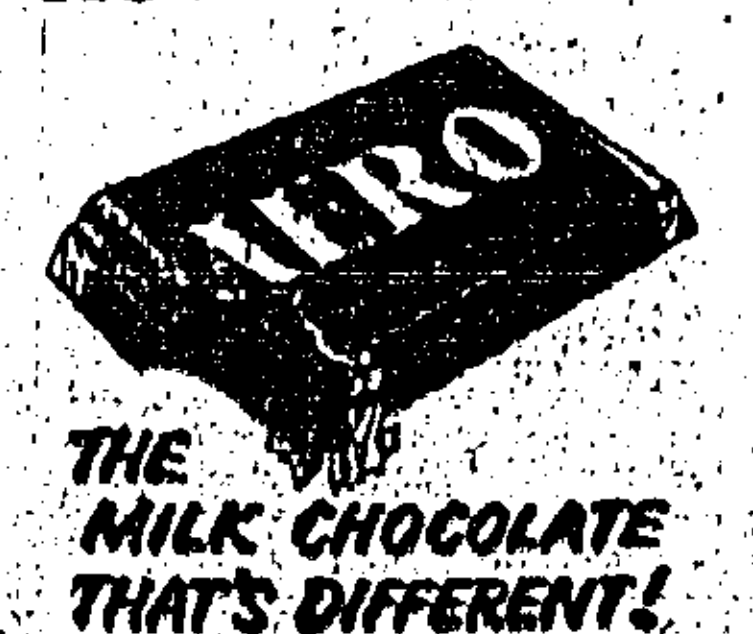


NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREE'S



The Defiant Ones

by JOHN LAMBERT

THIS is the second part of a story with immense significance at this time—a remarkably bold answer to the question: What can break the barriers between white and black people? It is the story of the film "The Defiant Ones," now showing in Hongkong and the work of one of America's most skilled and outspoken film craftsmen—Stanley Kramer. Two convicts on the run are divided by the colour of their skins, one white, one black, but united by the chain of a chain-gang. Now follow these two as they are followed.

6.30 P.M. Night was falling as the two convicts staggered into the swamp. They were safe for a while from their hunters. They were not safe from the soggy wasteland. Only the night birds and insects made any noise. But slithering silently around were the alligators.

Jackson became jittery with the clammy, murreling menace of the marshes all round them.

As the trees above their heads buzzed with small noises he said: "Listen. There must be a million of 'em, and not one of 'em understands what the other is sayin'. Bugs or people. Nobody understands anybody."

They were weak with starving. So they caught a big frog and cooked it on a fire. Later, feeling more relaxed, Jackson gave Cullen one of his cigarettes.

"Thanks," said the Negro.

Jackson flared up. "Oh, why don't you cut it out? You keep sayin' thanks. . . I hate that word thanks."

"Don't mean nothing," said the puzzled Negro.

Jackson spat. "Don't mean nothing, eh? You try makin' a livin' with that word. . . you find out."

"I used to park cars in a big fancy hotel. A fella would give me his car and I'd say, 'Thank you, sir. Here I was doing him a favour, but I had to say 'Thank you, sir.'"

"Ever when they didn't give me a tip I still had to say thank you. That word got so it was like sticking needles in me every time I said it. You know what I mean, boy?"

"Yeah!" said Cullen. "And I got a needle sticking in me right now. . . Look, Joker, don't call me 'boy.'"

Jackson laughed cynically. "What's eatin' you? Just because I called you a nigger? Well, that's what you are, ain't it? It's like calling a spade a spade. I'm a bohunk from the backwoods. You can call me a bohunk. I don't mind."

Taunting

The Negro brooded fiercely. "You ever hear tell of 'catch a bohunk by the toe, Joker. You ever hear tell of 'bohunk in the woodpile'?"

Jackson softened. "Don't crowd me," he said. "I didn't make up no names."

"No," sighed Cullen. "You breathe it in when you're born, and spit it out from then on."

Jackson became quietly taunting. "Well, that's the way it is," he purred, "and you're stuck with it. I didn't make any rules."

"No—but you live by 'em," said Cullen.

Jackson shrugged. "Everybody lives by them. Everybody's stuck with what he is. . . even them swamp animals."

"Even a weasel," murmured the Negro.

"You calling me a weasel?" demanded Jackson.

"No. . . I'm calling you a white man," the Negro replied softly.

Panic

EIGHT A.M. The convicts clambered out of the swamp on to a rough mud track. It was a muddy, desolate road. But the rain had stopped, a few bleak rays of sunshine warmed their weary faces, and they felt cheerful.

Suddenly panic came back. A ramshackle car, driven by former Ezra Edgar, honked down the road. Jackson and Cullen glanced at it for just one moment. Then they jumped blindly into a deep hole at the side of the road.

Mistake

As they sank into the treacherous mud they realised their mistake. The hole was a claypit.

The clay, like treacle in the wet, summer heat, incited as together, but separately, they charged its walls.

Again and again they fell back into its soft, deathly womb. They blazed at each other with anger and fear.

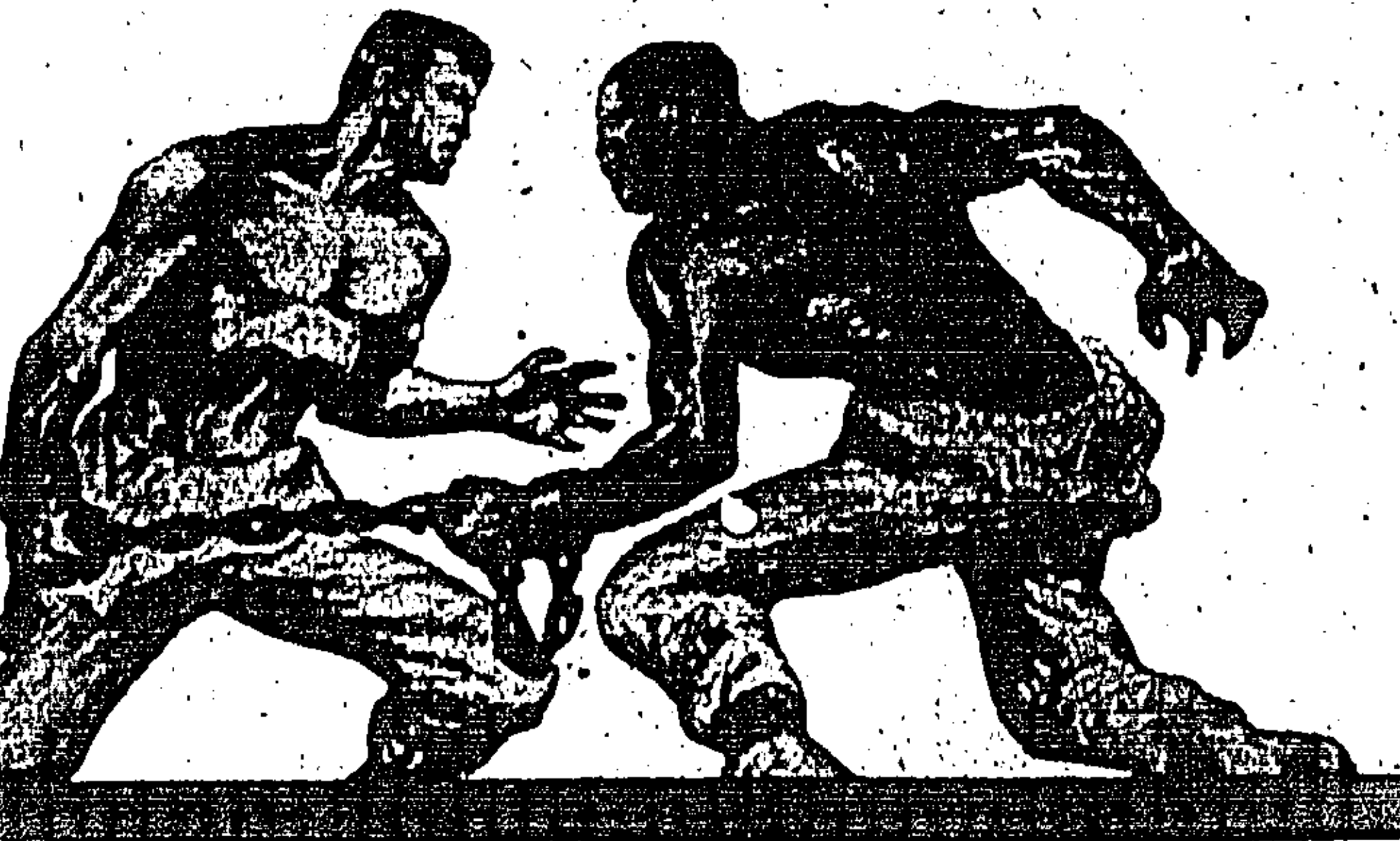
Then they learned their first lesson in comradeship. "Lemme try it. . . lemme try it on your shoulders," said Jackson.

Ironically, it was the chain that saved them.

The lights

As Jackson clambered on to the shoulders of the Negro the chain became embedded in the mud. Slowly, slowly, Jackson groped his way over it to the top. Then, with the cruel bracelet of the chain supporting his wrist he dragged the Negro upwards.

TEN P.M. Jackson and Cullen peered cautiously at the



Monday
SHE WAS GOING TO FEED ONLY THE WHITE MAN—BUT HE SAID 'GET HIM SOME'... AND HE MEANT THE NEGRO

blinking lights of the lumber camp beneath them. They watched, and waited for the lights to go off one by one.

Meanwhile, in the darkness where nothing could divide them, they talked. The Negro sighed deeply. "I worked 30 acres by hand once," he said with a tinge of pride. "My wife helped me and sometimes even my little kid. . . He was just five years old when I left. . . He don't even remember me now."

'Be nice'

Protected by the dark, still night, Jackson revealed the soul inside his bitter body.

"Me, I'm a taker," he said. "I wound up in gaol because I didn't know how to be a big enough taker. . . I was just a sucker. . . you gotta be a big enough crook so you can get away with anything. . . Sourly, but sadly, he added: 'I'm just telling you the facts of life.'"

The Negro shook his head. "I don't want to hear it," he said. "I been listening to that stuff all my life. From my wife, 'Be nice.'"

"They throwed me into solitary confinement and she said, 'Be nice.' A man short weight me when I turned in my crop, she'd say, 'Be nice, or you get in trouble.'"

"She teach my kid the same damn thing! I never could let that woman to understand how I was feelin' inside. . . All of a sudden there was nothing left to say."

When the last light went out they crept down to the camp. As a precaution Cullen dabbed Jackson's face with black mud. "We sure look alike," he said.

They broke into the camp store, where there was food. It was the chain that broke the lock. But it was their human panic and the noise they made that awoke the camp.

Blindly, they lashed out at these new hunters. What was worse, they injured a man. And the camp men, who lived by their own laws in this blank, muddy, wilderness, decided to have a lynching.

Pleading

ONE A.M. The rope was hanging over the high, wooden beam in the camp store. The women were sent home to their beds. But the men, thinking only of the man who had been injured, wanted only revenge.

2.30 A.M. The two convicts pleaded for their lives with the averaging miners.

They failed. . . until a big, ugly miner called Sam pleaded for them. He did not deal with the men as a lynch mob. He treated them as individuals.

"You want blood, huh?" he said, taking each miner in turn. "Well, go ahead. . . chop 'em up. Go on." But not a man moved.

It was agreed. Instead, to return the men to the police in the morning.

The scars

FIVE A.M. As the convicts stood bound to a post in the camp store Cullen chanted the blues song he had sung on the night of their escape. The door of the store creaked open. And Big Sam came in.

Quickly he slashed at the ropes that bound them. "If you get caught," he whispered nobody let you loose. You broke out yourselves, understand."

But it was not until they saw the old scars of a gaol, gaol bracelet on his wrist that they fully understood.

At a farm

TEN A.M. The convicts were exhausted. They had run and crawled across country for five hours. Somehow their flight brought no release. It only seemed endless.

They quarrelled. Then they fought savagely, with the chain clanking each blow. They stopped only when they looked up and saw a gun barrel pointing at them. But the gun bearer was only a boy. It was easy to disarm him. Easy, too, to gain his confidence.

They forgot their fury with each other when the boy said: "Just Ma and me work the farm. There's nobody else." He took them home with him.

She stood alone in the doorway of the shack. She did not seem alarmed, even when she saw the chain. She was a pretty woman, except for the loneliness in her eyes.

But as she looked at Jackson the sadness left her face. She touched the stray wisps of her tawny hair. Her voice had a husky, eager tone. All she said was: "You wanted something to eat?"

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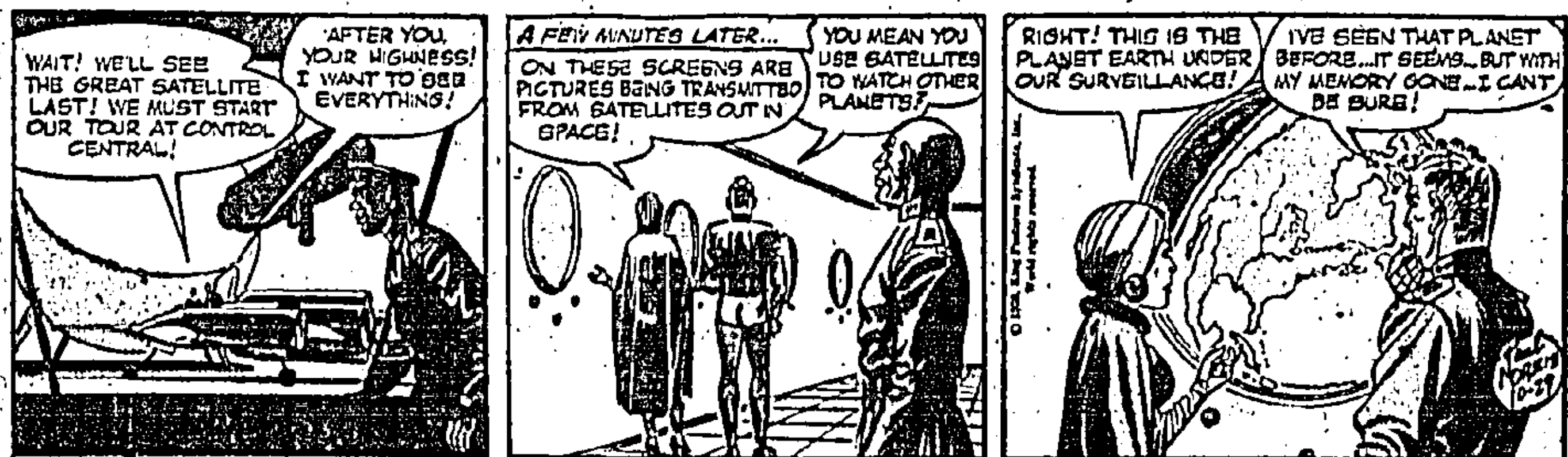
FOUR D. JONES . . .

by MADDOCKS



BRICK BRADFORD

By Paul Norris



FERD'NAND

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"It has proved an indispensable accessory for all divers. . . D. Rabal, Vice President of the Institute of Submarine Research, Cannes. . . The Rolex Submariner has now been used on 14 descents, one of them being at a depth of 114 feet for 20 minutes. It has also been used in heavy brines and continues to work perfectly. . . I am more than satisfied with its performance." Captain T.A. Harston, A.P.C., F.R.S., Master C. British Underwater Centre, Portsmouth. . . The claim that the watch is specially designed to overcome the peculiar problems of accurate timing while diving, particularly in respect of its external features, was amply borne out by the tests. No limit to the tests was made by the manufacturers, these being set by the Club to equal to the most extreme diving conditions likely to be encountered. . . From the report of the test carried out by the British Sub-Aqua Club.

A watch that is waterproof
down to 660 feet

As any diver knows, you tend to lose all sense of time underwater. Yet accurate and reliable timing is essential for proper decompression when returning to the surface. Lacking this, many divers have endangered their lives and a number of them have been crippled by "the bends". Rolex, who specialize in providing accurate time under any circumstances, have made a wonderful watch called the Submariner—especially for deep divers and all those engaged in sea-going activities. The Rolex Submariner has a special Oyster case unconditionally guaranteed to resist the fantastic pressure at 660 feet underwater.

Revolutionary time-recorder The Submariner has also a revolutionary "Time-Recorder" rim round the dial, calibrated from zero to 60. By turning this rim so that the zero mark points to the minute hand, before he starts, the diver can always read off the time elapsed. Even in the twilight prevailing at 150 feet, or when diving at night, he can read it because the dial and all three hands are extra-luminous. . . Essential for decompression. The "Time-Recorder" rim solves the problem of exact timing of decompression stages. By pre-setting the zero mark to the correct number of minutes, the diver knows precisely when to continue upwards to the surface. . . For everyday wear too. These revolutionary advantages are additional to the other remarkable qualities of the Submariner. Its marvellous accuracy, its Perpetual "rotor" self-winding mechanism, and the perfect protection given by its special Oyster case make the Submariner the ideal watch for everyday wear.



THIS ROLEX SUBMARINER—waterproof and pressure-proof to 660 feet. Case—luminous hands and dial. Features including the clear sapphire crystal, the Rolex Perpetual "rotor", the Submariner is not only a diver's watch, it is a "Time-Recorder" that enables the diver to know the exact time elapsed at any depth. The Submariner is just the watch for professional divers, fishermen or anybody who needs to know the exact time at any moment.

ROLEX
A landmark in the history of
Time measurement

QUOTES

—by Mr Sydney Needoff, the chairman at the Independent Traders' Alliance conference at Llandudno:—

WE are not afraid. The soulless machine of huge monopoly concerns cannot satisfy the needs of individual customers' wants and whims.

—by West London magistrate Mr E. R. Guest in remanding a 21-year-old French girl student who said she did not want her parents to know she was guilty of shoplifting:—

I cannot imagine worse cruelty than to keep from parents the fact that a young girl has got herself into a mess in a foreign city and leaving it to some kindly neighbour to tell them.

—by out-of-work Richard Steele, aged 42, of North Kensington, who was sent to London Sessions for sentence at Marlborough Street for theft on the eve of his fifth wedding anniversary:—

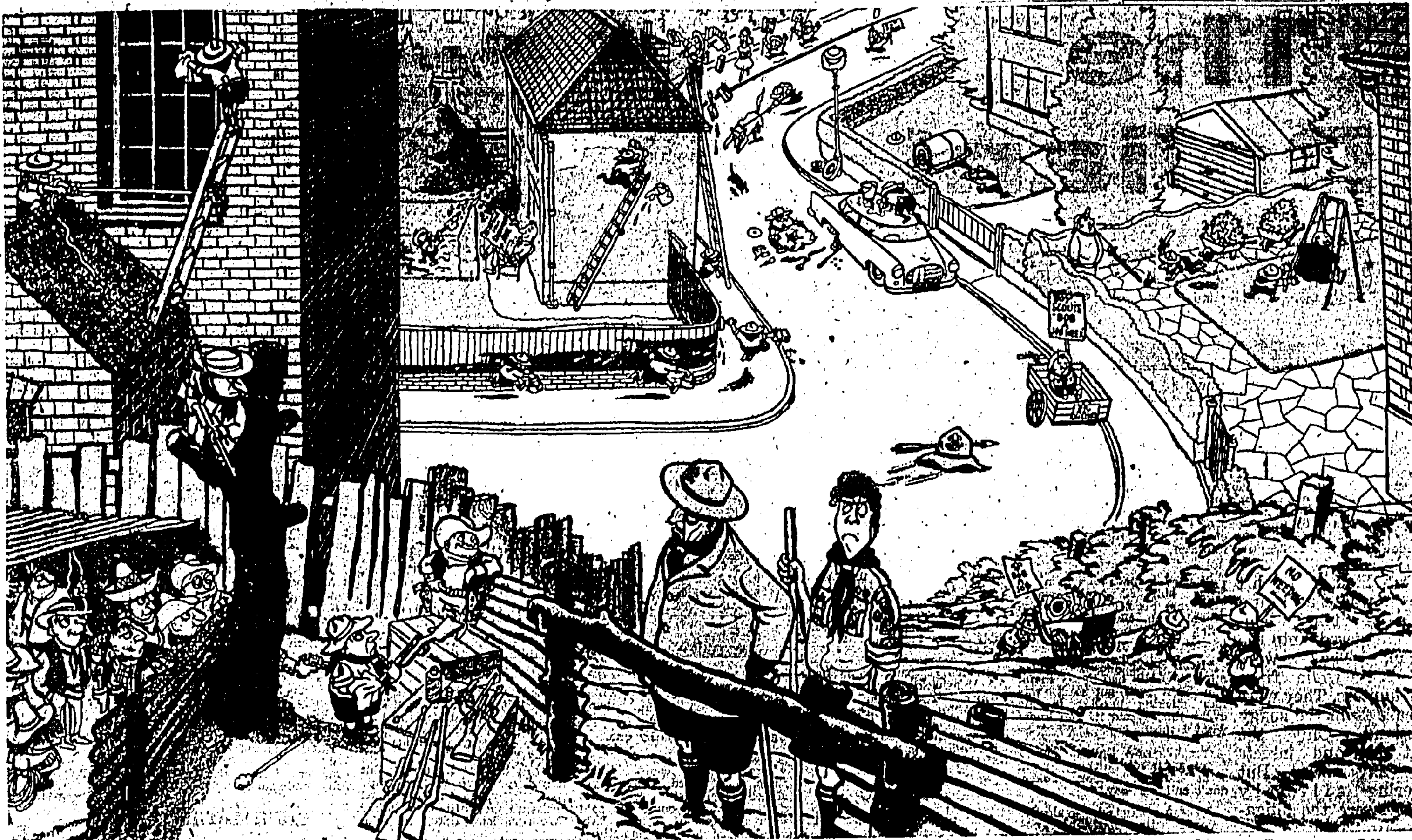
MY wife has been so good to me. I wanted to do something to show my love and gratitude to her. Instead of a happy anniversary for her I have brought misery and disgrace to the person who means more to me than the whole world.

—by Sir Halford Reddish, chief of a rugby cement firm, writing in The Director:—

THE inference that alcohol and business at director level are inseparable conveys a most unfortunate impression—and is simply not true.

—by playwright William Douglas Home in a letter recently to Newcastle-on-Tyne magistrate, who fined him £5 for speeding:—

I ACCEPT Police Constable Ireland's estimate of my speed. I do not accept his estimate of a man aged 40 being aged 50, and I look forward to meeting him when he attains that age to discuss the matter. Police Constable George Ireland is 25.



"Jones, can't we find a more reputable job for a bob than cleaning firearms for the avenue's Lazy Creek Rangers?"

London Express Service.

Did it happen?



My passport was meticulously examined. I was asked many questions.

Another story in the famous fact-or-fiction series. Is this one true or false?

by JERRARD TICKELL

The TRAVELLING COMPANION

fishbone in the throat of Hitler.

"Yes," he looked both shocked and apprehensive as if the vision of the Führer with a fishbone in his throat was slightly blasphemous. I knew then that this creature had been deputed to be my escort and I wondered what ties he would employ to draw me out. He made a note in a little black book. The word he wrote was "Fischbein."

He was, he claimed, a student. "All students are the same," he said, smiling, his false smile. "Oxford, Heidelberg, Cambridge, all are one."

He glanced around the carriage with a conspiratorial air and lowered his voice. "We, the students are not for Hitler."

Thereafter, from Anchen to Vienna, he took pains to justify his alleged hatred of Hitler. He was, in fact, bemused and unsettled by Hitler and was only seeking to drag out of me some criticism of his master so that he would have an official excuse for interrupting my journey to Budapest.

"When we arrive in Vienna, we will have supper together and you will inform me more about fishbones and Irish politics."

SIMPLE TRICK

Once in Vienna I shook him off. It was easy to do. He was a poor propagandist and an even worse police agent. I simply went into a restaurant by one door and out by another. In a way I was sorry for him because I knew that he would have to explain away failure to meet me again.

"Ach," he said with a smirk. "You are Irishman. That explains all. The Irish are more close to the Germans than the English. If you will come, I think the Irish will be the allies of the Germans. What is your opinion, please?"

I smiled. I said that Ireland was like a fishbone in the throats of those who sought to swallow her. His forehead wrinkled.

"What is this thing—a fishbone?"

"Fischbein."

"Ah, yes, of course. You can see that Ireland could be a fishbone in the throat of those who seek to swallow her."

Island and lovely girls with incurring Magyar spies still strolled in the sunny Corso. But the shadow of doom was already lengthening over the city. The very stones smelted of the wrath to come, and I said goodbye to my friends with address sure that we would never meet again.

By the time Jack S. and I reached Vienna, the international situation had deteriorated sharply. We drove swiftly across Germany, being checked and rechecked by hard-faced officials who were reluctant to let us go. There were evil things in the Central European wind and the sight of the sun-dappled chalk cliffs of Kent was infinitely reassuring. We landed at Folkestone and sped to London.

REUNION

Eight years after that journey to Budapest, I found myself in Hamburg. I went one grey morning into a grey cell in a grey prison. The occupant was dressed in grey. Everything about that morning was grey—except for the eyes of the prisoner which were metallic blue with pale, blinking lashes. He rose to his feet and greeted me with respect because I was in uniform. I looked at him and frowned. After a little while I said slowly:

"We have met before. It was in a train on the way to Budapest in 1939."

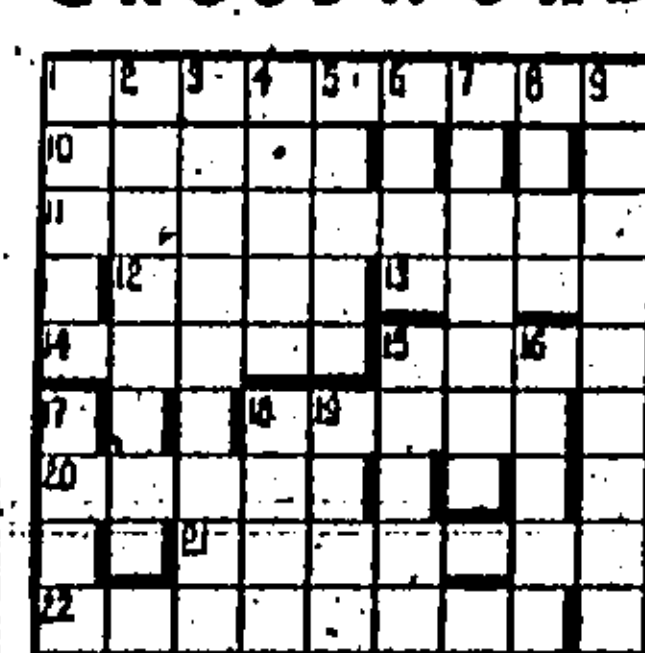
He answered eagerly. "Ach! It is you! I have always wished to meet you again. I lost you in Vienna. We lost each other in Vienna. It was very unfortunate. But we had many conversations in the train. You remember that we spoke of... what was it? Oh, yes, a fishbone. Always I remembered that Irish fishbone."

His forehead was suddenly a maze of lines that miraculously cleared. He clasped his hands. "Now all has come back to me. I am very glad. I told you that I was a student and that I was against Hitler. You will of course remember that. I was always against Hitler."



Enlisting as a private in 1940, Jerrard Tickell became a major three years later. He travelled on War Office missions to many parts of the world. He was a reputation as a writer of war books—Odette and Appointment With Venus. Tickell, married with three sons, speaks French, German and Hungarian.

CROSSWORD



Down: 1. Domestic appliance (4-5). 2. Small boat (6). 3. Elephantine weapon (4). 4. Ploughman of Zion (4). 5. Securely fastened (6). 6. Gram more (4). 7. Hot vice (anag.) (7). 8. Road hogs (8). Across: 1. Insignificant (3). 2. Games (6). 3. Policy matter (6). 4. Din (4). 5. Work (anag.) (4). 6. Girl's name (4). 7. Store cart (anag.) (6). 8. The security of the square (4). 9. Aleria (4). 10. Aleria (4). 11. Aleria (4). 12. Aleria (4). 13. Aleria (4). 14. Aleria (4). 15. Aleria (4). 16. Aleria (4). 17. Aleria (4). 18. Aleria (4). 19. Aleria (4). 20. Aleria (4). 21. Aleria (4). 22. Aleria (4). 23. Aleria (4). 24. Aleria (4). 25. Aleria (4). 26. Aleria (4). 27. Aleria (4). 28. Aleria (4). 29. Aleria (4). 30. Aleria (4). 31. Aleria (4). 32. Aleria (4). 33. Aleria (4). 34. Aleria (4). 35. Aleria (4). 36. Aleria (4). 37. Aleria (4). 38. Aleria (4). 39. Aleria (4). 40. Aleria (4). 41. Aleria (4). 42. Aleria (4). 43. Aleria (4). 44. Aleria (4). 45. Aleria (4). 46. Aleria (4). 47. 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WOMANSENSE

Week-End Sunning Or Dining



wearing a swimsuit that can also be used for sunning. Add the matching skirt and there will be no complaints from the Dining Room.

BEAUTY



Eastman Estrom Acetate - ALDEN

features soft, satiny highlights and drapes with the unexcelled grace that is that of satin alone. Shaped into a snug bodice, re-embroidered with Alencon lace, the dress has a flattering neckline, short shirred sleeves and a full skirt that flows into a chapel train.

Chair-Sitting Best Way To Punish Schoolchild

By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, Ph.D.

FOR the twenty-odd years I have written this column, I have entreated parents to teach their child to creep and walk, to respect No, said just once.

I have advised the consistent use of physical pain on the child's hand or thigh, with the parent's bare flat hand, until such time as this word is respected by the youngster.

RARELY USED

Also, I have insisted that No should be used rarely, in connection with a few forbiddings or limitations which the parent can personally check without exception; that, moreover, when one object or act is forbidden, the youngster should be able to turn with pleasure to an approved activity.

Then I have advised that, as soon as the tot has learned to respect No, physical pain be abandoned, and that having to sit unamused in a certain place, for a definite time, say from 16 to 20 minutes, be substituted for that punishment. This can happen by the time the youngster is 3 or 4, certainly before he enters school.

LIMIT PUNISHMENT

Another point which I have found more difficult to get over is that, as a rule, we should limit physical pain and chair-sitting to the few things the youngster under 4 or 5 must not do and ask not to command him to do what we want him to do. Let's remember that pain, or a symbol of pain, makes what the child is to avoid doing seem unpleasant.

The youngster under 4 or 5 hardly has had experience enough to profit from pain to make him do what we want him to do. But there comes a time when he must do the few things he is told to do, when he can see that he will get discomfort if he does not do what he is told to do.

TAUGHT BY DISCOMFORT

So as a rule, the child of early elementary school age can learn to do the few things he is required to do through discomfort assigned him when he doesn't obey such a command.

Having to sit unamused doing nothing for a definite period, say 30 minutes, I'm sure is the most effective single means for enforcing a positive command at this age. It's also humane and makes scolding unnecessary.

OLDER CHILD

Having learned at 3, 4 or 5, by means of chair-sitting punishment, to avoid certain things, the child at 6, 8 or 10 should be ready to profit from the same punishment when he fails to go promptly to bed at a regular hour or to do an assigned regular job about the home, to name a few examples.

ANSWERING PARENTS' QUESTIONS

Q. How can we keep our son, 6, from telling family secrets to the neighbors?
A. Don't discuss in his presence anything you don't want him to repeat. Gradually try to make him realize that some things said in the family are too precious to talk about elsewhere.

NEWS FROM OUTSIDE

IF YOU'RE TIRED OF DODGING APRIL SHOWERS...

WATCH the progress of the macintosh. Once it was a miserable garment that trudged across the moors and went with dirty old bicycles.

Then it became all flowery and went to Ascot.

Suddenly the smartest thing that anybody could wear was a white mac—and they gave it a natty mink lining.

Now the French have given it a new status: the rainproof shirtwaister is the smartest thing a girl can wear to a cocktail party.

One girl last week turned up at a Paris party wearing a creamy beige shirtwaister macintosh with a polka dot belt, scarf, and little Gigi hat—all proofed against the April showers.

She told a friend: "It is marvellous—I can even wear it on the beach."

Watch out, girls! Somebody is going to design a rainproof ball dress—and somebody is going to be fool enough to wear it.

—(London Express Service).



Who'll be the fool?

NOW IT'S BIKINIS AND SKIRTS

TRENDS from St Tropez—the place that sets the pace for fashion in the sun.

Already Parisiennes are buying up the new bikinis, shirts and shorts. And they are all much more practical this year. Smart women are wearing plain or printed cotton bikinis covered by big matching skirts.

Most important is that everything should match exactly; shoes, bags, shirts, shorts—even underwear are all the same colour.

Melon pink is first on the list, followed by deep sky blue, parma violet and the very pastel pistachio greens. For the real glamour girls there are new shorts in gold or orange glaze glove kid worn with printed wild silk shirts.

Most of the night clubs are in deep cellars with narrow winding stairs, so the most popular things to wear for evening are lame slacks with deep décolleté tops.

—(London Express Service).

Why The Italians Capture Our Money...

WE'RE doing what the Romans do—only we are doing it cheaper.

The sleek, slick summer suit pictured below is ITALIAN.

English fashion firms are now spending over six million pounds a year on importing Italian. Many of them have taken over Italian factories, who produce exclusively for the English manufacturer.

We can now buy a good Italian cotton sweater in bright colours for as little as 14s. 6d.; a soft mohair sweater for 24 19s. 6d. and jersey suits from 24 10s.

All these prices are a couple of shillings cheaper than the Italians can buy them in their



own shops, and about five shillings cheaper than if they were made in England.

Mr. Milette Bourne, director of a knitwear firm, showed me two sweaters. One was Italian. The other was English. He said: "I designed this cotton sweater and had it made up in both countries. The English one washes better."

"But look—the colour is not so good and the shape and style are nothing like so subtle. And the English sweater cost 5s. more."

The director of another fashion firm which has six Italian factories turning out clothes for England said: "The want good colour, design and styling, and we have educated the Italians to provide this. Although a great deal of the English workmanship is better, we simply can't get them to co-operate with us on delivery times or on colours."

—(London Express Service).

FOR A QUICK DRY

● The French are mad about electrical beauty gadgets. Newest is the infra-red nail drier that claims to dry nail varnish "IMMEDIATELY." The price is 10,000 francs (about £215 or HK\$240). Best buyers: manicurists, fed up with fumbling for their tips in clients' handbags, and husbands tired of waiting for their wet-fingered wives.

—(London Express Service).

Household Hints

Flavour snap beans with onion butter. Add 4 teaspoons boiling water to 2 tablespoons dried onion flakes. Soak 5 minutes and add to 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Pour over 1 pound hot cooked beans.

Curry mayonnaise, made by adding curry powder to taste to your favourite mayonnaise, is good with tomatoes, potato salad or chicken salad.

Wrap steel wool scouring pads in aluminium foil after using. This prevents rusting of any

You'll be a dream walking in your new maidenform bra

You'll know the difference when you wear maidenform's new Concerto or Concerto Tri-line



CONCERTO

The minute you put it on, your curves look more lovely! It's done with magical rows of tiny interlocked stitches. Each stitch catches upon an inner cup-lining that's just enough to shape you to the figure of your dream! White stitched broadcloth, AA, A, B and C cups.

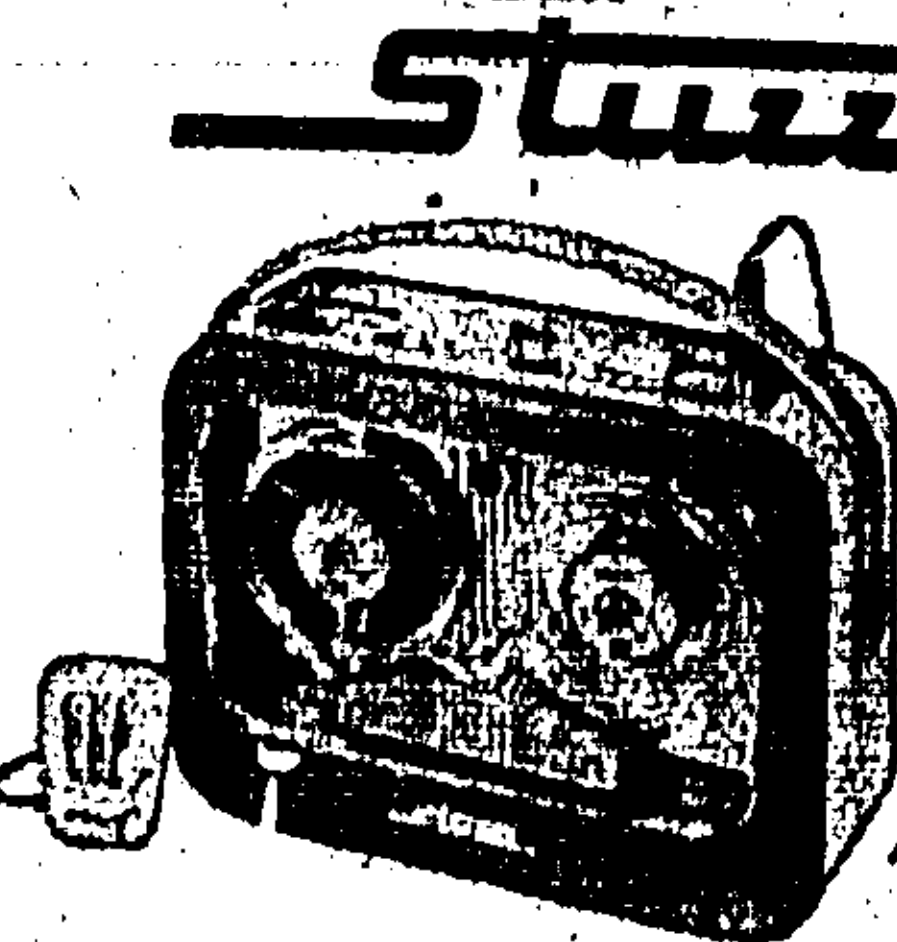
CONCERTO TRI-LINE

The same curvesome Concerto construction. And those heavenly 3-point miracle straps... simply dreamy how they take the tension off your shoulders to distribute a beautiful, even lift in three important places. White broadcloth, A, B, C and D cups.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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SAVE A LIFE! Become A BLOOD DONOR

The British Red Cross Blood Collecting Centre is now on the 8th floor of Fung House, Cantonment Road, Central.



ABOVE: Mrs. Dorothy K. Harts, president of the Social Service Dispensary League Inc., New York (left) seen during her recent visit to the Indian Charitable Dispensary at the Hindu Temple in Happy Valley. She was accompanied by Mrs. Beatrice Church (right).

★

RIGHT: Mr. B. T. Flanagan, retired managing director of Messrs Mackinnon, Mackenzie and Co (Hongkong) Ltd., receives a silver salver from Mr. Chow Yu-tung, who made the farwell presentation on behalf of the staff recently.



ABOVE: Delegates to the recent conference of specialists in technical education held in Hongkong, visited the Aberdeen Trade School last week. One of them (right) is seen watching a student at work.



ABOVE: The Rt. Rev. Lawrence Bianchi, Roman Catholic Bishop of Hongkong, tries his luck at a stall at the Sacred Heart Convent School bazaar held recently.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: Sixteen taxi drivers who completed more than 100,000 miles without accident were presented with gold pins by Freiherr H. J. Von Funk, director of Messrs Daimler Benz, A.G., recently. Seen, is Mr. Mok Fat receiving his pin. In centre is Mr. W.M. Sulke.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thorman after their wedding at St John's Cathedral recently. The bride is the former Miss Margaret Torry Pickles.

★

LEFT: Little Bryan Eric Brett poses in the arms of his mother shortly after his christening at St Andrew's Church recently. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Brett.

★

BELOW: The University of Southern California Alumni Association of Hongkong entertained one of the former professors, Dr. Mary Sinclair Crawford, at a Chinese dinner recently. Dr. Crawford is seen here making a speech.



★ ★ ★

BELOW: Religious observances at the Sikh Temple recently on the occasion of the Baisakhi Festival. Seen at centre is Mr. B. P. Adarkar, Commissioner for India.

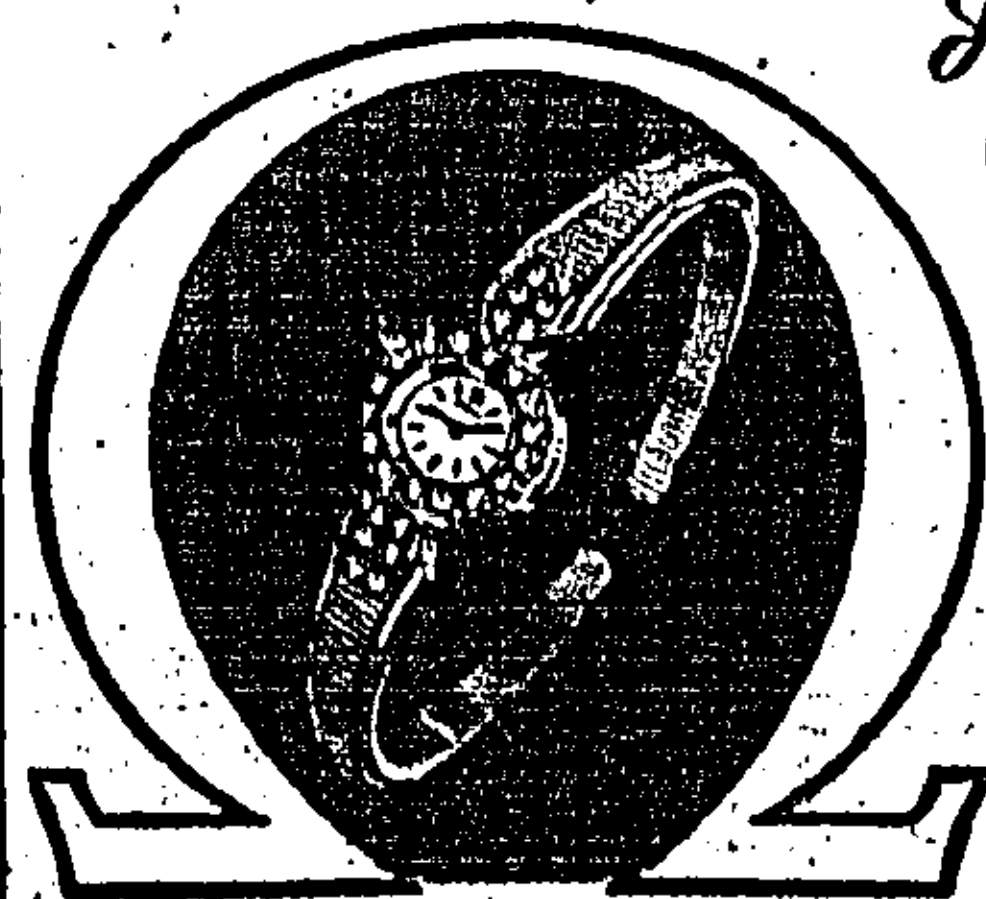
ABOVE: Sir Robert Black, the Governor, chats with Miss Rossana Podesta at the recent Italian Film Festival and gala premiere held at the Hoover Theatre.

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GILMANS



ABOVE: "Go, Man, Go!" chanted a cheering crowd at Radio 'Hongkong's Radio Clubhouse this week as these two lively couples put on a fast-moving display of how the Rock 'n' Roll is done. This event, the first of its kind, was held at the Missions to Seamen hall.



RIGHT: Miss M. Carcary presents a trophy to Lt. P. Ingo, captain of the victorious Green Howards team who won a friendly triangular sports meet held recently at the ground of the K.G.V. School.



ABOVE: Sir Robert Black, the Governor, and Mrs J. C. McDouall lead the way into the dining room at the recent Shangri-la Ball held at Repulse Bay Hotel in aid of the Boys' and Girls' Clubs Association.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Curry after their wedding at the Church of St. Francis of Assisi last week. The bride is the former Miss Rita Virginia de Souza.



LEFT: Mr Kwan Ching-tak laying the foundation stone of the new Salvation Army day nursery, medical centre, clinic and vocational training centre at Tai Hang Tung recently.



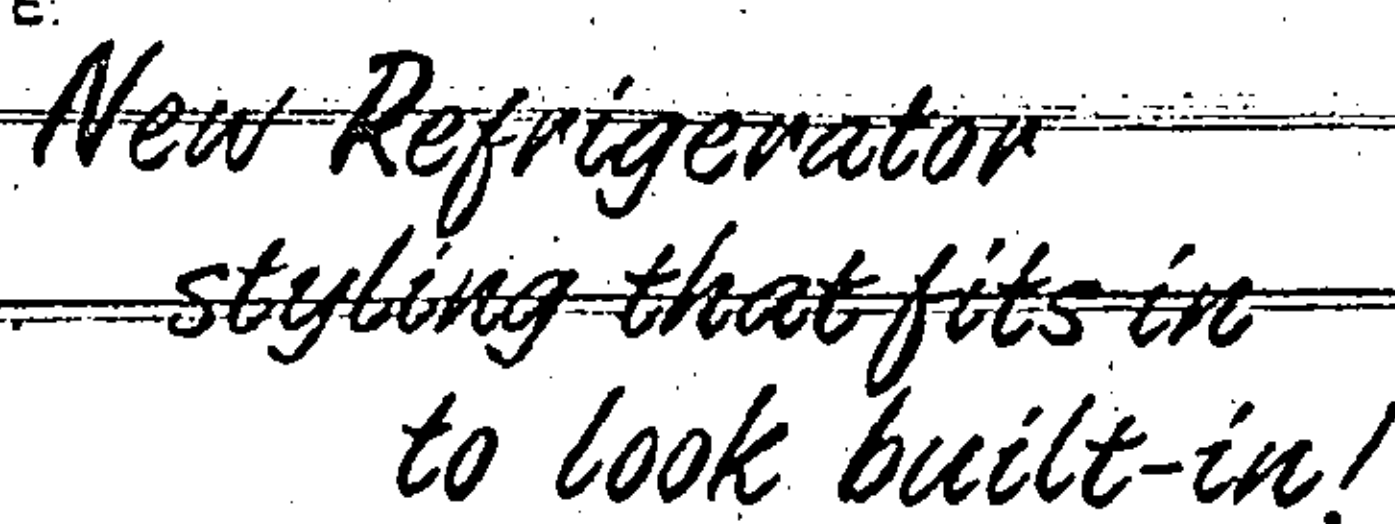
ABOVE: Miss Tatiana Williams, new Executive Officer of the Hongkong Society for the Blind, was welcomed recently at a party by the Hongkong Council of Social Service. She is seen here chatting with a guest.



BELOW: Mrs. Fung Ping-fan (right) seen cutting the ribbon at the opening this week of a Chinese painting exhibition by Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson (left) at the U.S. Cultural Centre. On display were works by Mrs. Richardson and her pupils.



BELOW: The "driving in" by the new Captain of the ladies' section of the Royal Hongkong Golf Club took place at Fanling this week. Many members were on hand as Mrs P.F.F. Watkinson drove off. Seen is the gathering at the Golf Club.



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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



Instructions For Knitting A Striped Blouse

Materials

Coats' Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 grm.).

9 balls selected colour and 2 balls contrasting colour.

6 Buttons.

1 Pair Millwards 'Die' knitting needles No. 18.

Tension

7½ sts and 20 rows—1 in. (2.5 cm.).

Measurements

Bust 34.36 in. (86.4/91.4 cm.).

Length from back of neck 21 in. (53.5 cm.).

Abbreviations

K—knit; st(s)—stitch(es); rep—repeat; inc—increase; dec—decrease; tog—together; Sl—slip.

DIRECTIONS

There are four strict rules to be followed when knitting garments with Coats' Mercer-Crochet cotton. Knit firmly and evenly. Prepare an accurate tension sample before commencing the garment. Press to shape and give measurements while damp. Sew neatly to achieve smooth seam lines.

To achieve a firm, regular tension, the stitches must be tight on the needles. To obtain this, wind the yarn twice round the little finger and never stop knitting in the middle of a row.

Note: Tension Sample.

It is most important to knit a tension sample first, as on it will depend the accuracy of the final measurements. Work a tension sample, 2 in. (5 cm.) square, following the pattern. Dip the sample in water or a slightly starch solution, roll in a towel to remove the surplus moisture, then pin it out, wrong side upwards, on a piece of graph paper, matching the straight of the knitting to the vertical and horizontal lines of the graph paper. Press firmly with the flat of an iron on a dry cloth until the sample is dry. Count the number of stitches and rows in the centre of the sample. The number of stitches and rows is different from that quoted in the correct tension of the pattern, the tension of the knitting must be altered and a new sample produced.

LEFT FRONT

Commence at sleeve edge and work in garter st and stripes of 6 rows contrasting colour throughout. Do not break the yarn when changing colours, but carry it up the side of work when not in use.

With No. 13 needles and selected colour cast on 48 sts. Work 2 rows.

3rd row: K to the last st, K twice into the last st.

4th row: Knit.

Rep 3rd and 4th rows twice more.

5th row: K twice into first st, K to last st, K twice into last st.

6th row: Knit.

Now rep 3rd and 4th rows 3 times more.

17th row: As 5th row.

18th row: Knit.

Now rep 3rd and 4th rows once more.

21st row: K to end, turn and cast on 3 sts.

22nd row: Knit.

Rep 21st and 22nd rows once more.

25th row: K twice into first st, K to end, turn and cast on 3 sts. Now continue to cast on 3 sts at end of every alternate row 15 times more, and at the same time inc one st at top sleeve edge on every 8th row 3 times. (117 sts).

Work 1 row, ending at top sleeve edge.

Next row: K twice into first st, K to end, turn and cast on 6 sts.

Break yarn and leave these 124 sts on spare needle.

Now with No. 13 needles and selected colour cast on 18 sts.

Work in garter st and stripes as before.

Work 2 rows.

3rd row: Cast on 3 sts, K to end.

4th row: Knit.

Rep 3rd and 4th rows 6 times more, and then 3rd row once. (42 sts).

Next row: K to end, and then K across sts on spare needle. (100 sts).

Work 2 rows, ending at top sleeve edge.

The 4th row of the 8th selected colour stripe from commencement should now be completed.

Neck Shaping.

Dec one st at beginning of next row, and then every alternate row until there are 105 sts.

Work 1 row.

Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Commence at centre front edge and work in garter st and stripes as for Left Front.

With No. 13 needles and selected colour cast on 105 sts.

Work 2 rows.

Inc one st at beginning of next row, and then every alternate row until there are 166 sts.

Work 2 rows.

The 5th row of the 10th selected colour stripe from commencement should now be completed.

Next row: K42 sts, cast off 6 sts, K next 117 sts.

Continue on these 118 sts.

Next row: K2 tog, K to end.

Now cast off 3 sts at beginning of next and alternate rows 15 times, and at the same time dec one st at top sleeve edge on every 8th row 4 times. (59 sts).

Work 2 rows, ending at top sleeve edge.

Next row: K to last 2 sts, K2 tog.

Following row: Knit.

Now rep 3rd and 4th rows twice more.

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every alternate row until there are 48 sts.

Work 1 row.

Cast off.

With right side of work towards you, rejoin yarn to remaining 42 sts.

Next row: Cast off 3 sts, K to end.

Following row: Knit.

Rep last 2 rows 7 times more. Cast off remaining 18 sts.

BACK

Follow instructions for Left Front from * to *

Continue as follows:—

Work 4 more rows.

Inc one st at beginning of next row, and then every following 8th row until there are 170 sts.

Work 3 rows.

Neck Shaping.

Dec one st at beginning of next row, and then every following 4th row until there are 171 sts.

Work until 2nd row of 30th selected colour stripe from commencement has been completed.

Inc one st at beginning of next row, and then every following 4th row until there are 176 sts.

Work 3 rows.

Now dec one st at top sleeve edge on next row, and then every following 8th row until there are 166 sts.

Work 6 rows.

The 5th row of the 42nd selected colour stripe from commencement should now be completed.

Now follow instructions for Right Front from ** to end.

RIGHT FRONT BORDER AND YOKE

With No. 13 needles and selected colour and using 2 strands of yarn cast on 14 sts.

Continue with double yarn and work in garter st, slipping first st at beginning of every row.

Work 14 rows.

MAKE BUTTONHOLE

Next row: Sl 1, K4, cast off 4 sts, K to end.

Following row: Knit.

Rep last 2 rows 7 times more. Cast off remaining 18 sts.

LEFT FRONT BORDER AND YOKE

Work as for right side, omitting buttonholes.

ARMHOLE BORDERS (WORK 2)

With No. 13 needles and selected colour and using 2 strands of yarn, cast on 10 sts.

Continue with double yarn and work in garter st, slipping first st at beginning of every row.

Work 11 in. (28 cm.).

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out each piece separately. Damp and press.

Make a 1 in. (2.5 cm.) hem at lower edges of Fronts and Back.

Sew Border and Yoke to Fronts.

Sew side, shoulder and top sleeve seams.

Join border extensions and sew to back of neck.

Join narrow edges of armhole borders, and sew borders to armhole edges.

Buttonhole st round buttonholes.

Press seams.

Sew on buttons.

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YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

SATURDAY, APRIL 18

SUNDAY, APRIL 19

BORN today you have a dramatic nature that needs some type of positive expression. Since the stars have given you artistic talent, it is up to you to discover which field of expression most interests you and then push all your efforts toward achieving a single goal. If you spread your energies over too wide an area, you may not achieve the outstanding success which should rightfully be yours.

You have a fine speaking voice, a magnetic personality and a quick wit. You should speak well in public and this could take you into teaching, preaching, politics or the law. If there is one attribute you need more than any other one, it is the capacity for hard work. You sometimes exaggerate the facts to make a point but eventually this deviation from the exact truth will boomerang. You can well afford to be a little less impulsive and a little more precise!

You are ambitious and willing to work hard, but you expect that you will be properly rewarded for your work. Impulsive in romance, you should consider marriage carefully before you embark. Love at first sight is not for you! Wed someone who has similar interests.

Among those born on this date are: Clarence Darrow, noted attorney; Austin Strong, dramatist; Richard Harding Davis, author; John Young Mason, a founder of New Hampshire; Max Weber, Polish-born American painter.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, APRIL 19

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—After your morning devotions, spend the balance of the day with family and close friends.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Secure unusual cultural interest will prove inspiring as well as enjoyable. Join friends this evening.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—A new, romantic interest could enter your life today. It could prove to be "the one," too!

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—After your devotional duties, you would do well to make careful plans for your future.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 23)—Take time out today to balance your current assets and project your future possibilities.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—This is your best Sunday of the month, so make fine use of it for personal benefit.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—You may gain real inspiration from a good sermon and a desire to work harder toward your goal.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Take the initiative on something of significant importance to your future. Actions are what count.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—There is romance for you today. If you are seeking it, spend the day enjoyably.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—The stars are smiling on you, so initiate a new programme of activity, and briefer.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Balance your assets and liabilities today and find out exactly where you stand.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Invite friends to your home for the afternoon or evening hours. Enjoy a pleasant time.

BORN today you have a great deal of self-confidence and the ability to overcome obstacles and reach your goal. Your ideals are high and you will work hard to uphold them, come what may. You may well probably be interested in public life; you women, in those interests which have mainly to do with your home and family. You of the fair sex are fond of fine clothes and are apt to be rather extravagant when it comes to your wardrobe.

You are a person of changing moods; one moment you are gay, the next, moody and depressed. Much of this may be due to the fact that your mental ability often outdistances your physical stamina and you get tired without realising it. You work too hard at a job, without the proper rest and relaxation. Learn to play a little more and the tensions will diminish. Also, take care of your health, for you are not as physically robust as you might wish. A little more sleep than average will probably help solve your personal problem.

You are fond of children and have considerable influence with them. You would make a fine parent and should wed while young so that you will have a family of your own. If deprived of this, you might make a happy career of teaching or working as a counsellor of juniors.

Among those born on this day are: Roger Sherman, statesman; May Robson, actress; James Allison, noted aviator; Benjamin Vaughn, English politician; Getulio Vargas, Brazilian statesman.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, APRIL 20

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Take the calculated risk today and win out in some unexpectedly interesting fashion.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—A new venture, promising excellent business returns, should come your way now. Make a speedy decision.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You may combine business and pleasure, with advantage to both. This is another fine day for you.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—Brainwork is the answer to this day's challenge. Think well before acting; proceed efficiently.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 23)—You can keep your head in the clouds if you keep just one foot on the ground! Execute your ideas.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Promote your plans and let the world know what you are aiming to do. Then do it!

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—

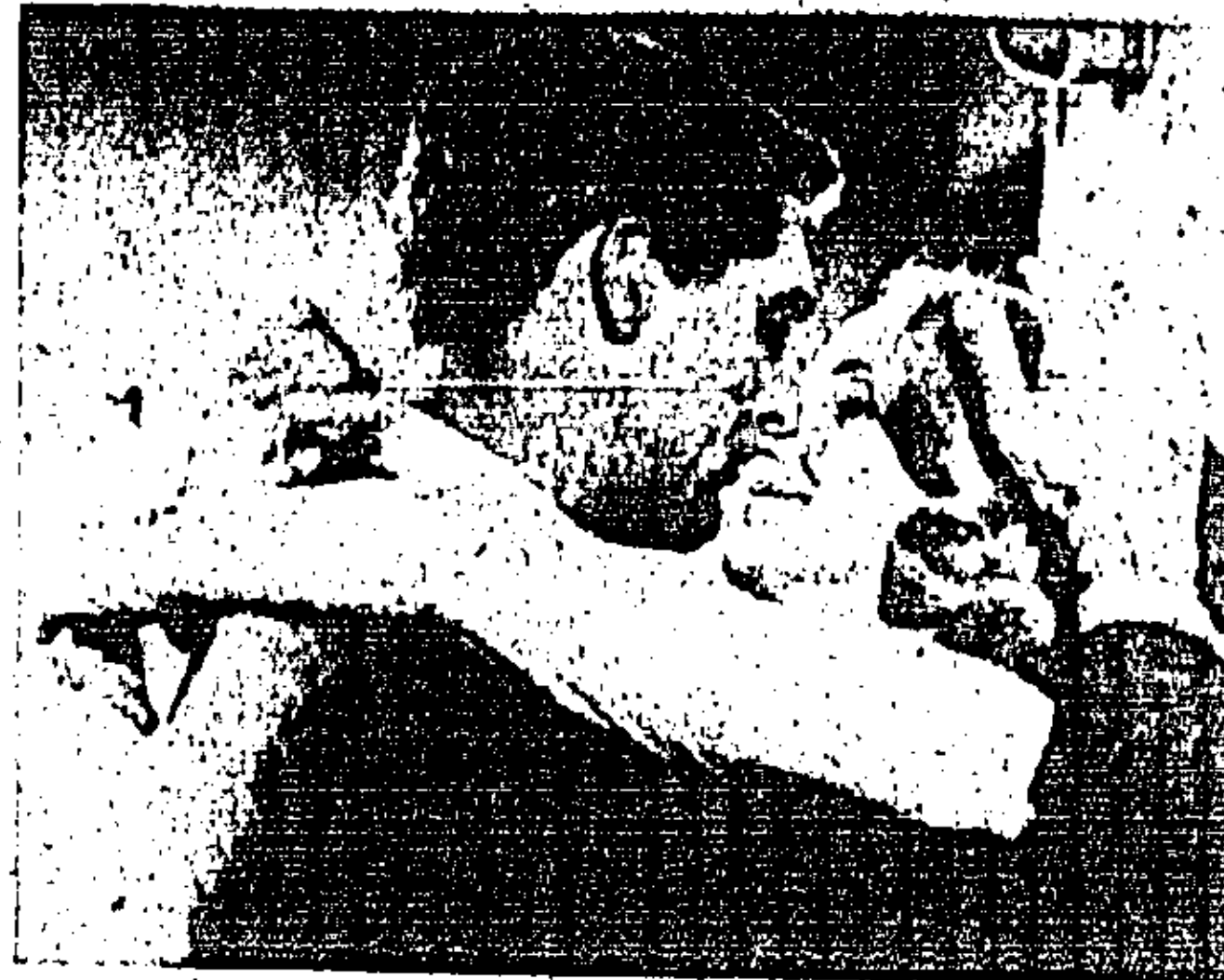
Roderick Mann PRESENTS THE KISS



TO MAKE IT REALISTIC, AND ROMANTIC...



IS NOT SO EASY, SAYS CARY GRANT...



NOT WHEN YOU'VE DONE IT TEN TIMES...

The man in sober grey signs up Mr. Howard

IF one believed all one read about Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, one would expect him to teeter into a room, heavily weighed down with decorations, and begin the conversation:—

"As I was telling them at Buck House..."

In fact, Mr. Fairbanks does none of those things, for he is as far removed from his publicity as is Sabrina from the Old Vic. Possibly further.

When he talked to me the other day at his house in South Kensington he was wearing a sober, grey-striped suit and a club tie. There was not a medal in sight. Not even a St. Christopher.

"You know," said Fairbanks, "I used to cringe when I read some of those stories about myself."

"I'm not tough, you see; I have a skin like tissue paper. I never learned to take it. In fact, it got to the stage where I was scared to give a direct answer to a question—even if it was only someone asking the time."



WITH ALFRED HITCHCOCK AT YOUR SHOULDER.

For those who seek to sneer, of course, Fairbanks still presents plenty of targets.

There is his Rolls-Royce (number DF3); his free-lance diplomatic work; the fact that he has made a singular success of every one of his business ventures—and his interests range from hotels to ball-point pens.

The sneers, however, stop short of his film work. For Fairbanks's productions make

money—and today even the most artistic among film-makers no longer sneer at that.

★ ★ ★

Fairbanks, I report, has just pulled off an interesting casting coup. He has signed Trevor Howard and Dorothy Dandridge for his new picture "Promise of the Sun"—to be made in England and in Spain.

And he has also recruited the services of Laslo Benedek, the

talented director who made Marlon Brando's banned-in-Britain "The Wild One."

Fairbanks will not appear in the film.

"It has been reported," he said, "that I will never act in films again. That is not true. If I found the right part, I would. Though I honestly prefer producing to acting."

The teaming of the explosive Mr. Howard with the sonorous, coloured Miss Dandridge is a surprising one.

London Express Service

There are no sneers, I promise you, from his bank manager.

Miss Elizabeth Taylor—who is to make a brief appearance in Mike Todd Jun.'s all-smelling film "Scent of Mystery"—has still not made up her mind what she will smell like herself.

"All I know," she says, "is that I've got to smell like something. Any ideas?"

I am told that Miss Debbie Reynolds, who lost her husband, Eddie Fisher, to Miss Taylor, has been making suggestions for weeks.

New faces

I talked to Diane Cilento the other night.

Had she not fallen ill with pneumonia recently, she would now be appearing on Broadway in "The Disenchanted." Instead she is filming in England in "Jelstream."

I asked how she had got on in the New York hospital.

She said: "The place they took me to specialised in plastic surgery. It was all rather macabre—and fantastically expensive. My nurse told me she was only working there in order to make enough money to buy a new face."

★ ★ ★

QUOTE from Maurice Chevalier on being 70 years old:

"It's not bad—especially when you consider the alternative."

QUOTE from director Brian Desmond Hurst on his career:

"I have interesting plans. That's show-business jargon for 'There isn't a thing in sight.'"

by THOMAS WISEMAN

"After all," he says, "they also mobbed Joyce Mansfield and we are not really the same type."

His appeal to women, which results in him being mobbed on occasions when mobbing is encouraged, he defines in an unexpected way.

"It is not my looks," he says, "but my total lack of regard for my looks. It is my work which counts. I am a painful perfectionist. I will make no compromise over my integrity as an artist."

And so far, Brynner, hairless in Hollywood, has managed to keep the Philistines at bay.

★ Vera Miles, who used to be described as the successor to Gracie Kelly because of her cool beauty, says: "Maybe I didn't marry a prince. But I married royalty of sorts. Of sorts is right. Her husband, Gordon Scott, is the current screen Tarzan—the king of the apes."

—(London Express Service).

THE BARBARIC IDOL CAN BE SO GENTLE...

THERE are many devious routes to The Top, but Yul Brynner must be the only man who has got there by way of a barber's shop.

While others have bared their souls or their midriffs, Mr. Brynner, more daintily, has bared his skull.

But just as Dorothy Lamour did not care to be known just for her armpits, and Betty Grable did not care to be known just for her legs, Mr. Brynner does not care to be known for his drastic haircut alone.

There is more to him than lack of hair, he insists.

But the inescapable fact is that before he began his coronal strip-tease Mr. Brynner made no great impact on the public. About 10 years ago he appeared in London in two plays, "Dark Eyes at the Strand," and "Lute Song at the Winter Garden." Both ran for only a few weeks.

The critics were reasonably kind to him, but none perceived in him the qualities of a world star. Mr. Brynner assures me he did not perceive these qualities in himself.

He still had most of his hair in those days and the potentialities of a naked, billiard-ball skull had not dawned on him or anyone else.

But even then, according to his friends, he tended to behave like an Oriental potentate.

"Yes, I did," says Brynner, unabashed. "I was a director. He directed television plays in New York, displaying a fine contempt for sponsors and executives who sought to interfere with his artistic integrity."

"I was frequently fired," he recalls nostalgically. "Many of those executives were fools, they did not understand their own business."

"I cannot stand people in authority who have no right to be in authority and I told them so."

In those days the solution to such disagreements was that Mr.



YUL BRYNNER Made of sterner stuff than most actors

Brynner would leave. Today the situation is reversed: the executives leave.

"I still sometimes have rows today with producers and executives," he says. "My rule is: either I do things my own way—or I go away. They know this. I haven't gone away yet."

"When I first took up this attitude in my television days I had to do it on sheer guts. Now, of course, it is much easier. But I always had enough arrogance to do things my own way. On which I am now congratulated by the same people who fired me."

"They have all been perfectly decent about it—quite willing to forgive me for having been fired by them."

Mr. Brynner's toughness is not disputed by anyone: he is made of sterner stuff than most actors. At 19 he was a trapeze artist in the Cirque d'Hiver in Paris and was badly injured in a fall.

"Being a trapeze artist," he says, "is the most exhilarating

experience you can imagine. There really is nothing to compare to the sensation of flying through the air. It is pure excitement."

Dismayed

He has enough personal eccentricities to keep the rumours flowing nicely. For instance, he sleeps only four or five hours a night, but during the day has the Eastern trick of being able to fall asleep at will with a couple of yawns—standing up.

Then he admits no photographers or reporters to his home, maintaining that his private life—he has been married for 14 years to the same girl—is private. This puts sufficient distance between himself and his public to ward off disenchantment.

Mr. Brynner purports to be dismayed by the impression he sometimes gives.

"People who meet me," he says, "expect me to be inhuman, or superhuman, or barbaric—or something nonsensical like that. I am expected to be either aloof or fierce or rude."

"I am afraid some people never overcome these preconceived notions, which is a sad experience for me."

However, he will admit that there is some basis for these falacious impressions. "I can get tough," he says, "and I do not unbend easily."

"I am uncompromising to the point of rudeness comes from lack of respect, and there are many people for whom I feel a singular lack of respect."

"But this is no reason to look upon me as a freak. I am not. I am sometimes also a very gentle fellow—do I look very barbaric to you?"

Perfectionist

At the Cannes Film Festival, he was mobbed by a hysterical public. To them he was a freak, a hairless wonder. Mr. Brynner was not flattered or annoyed.

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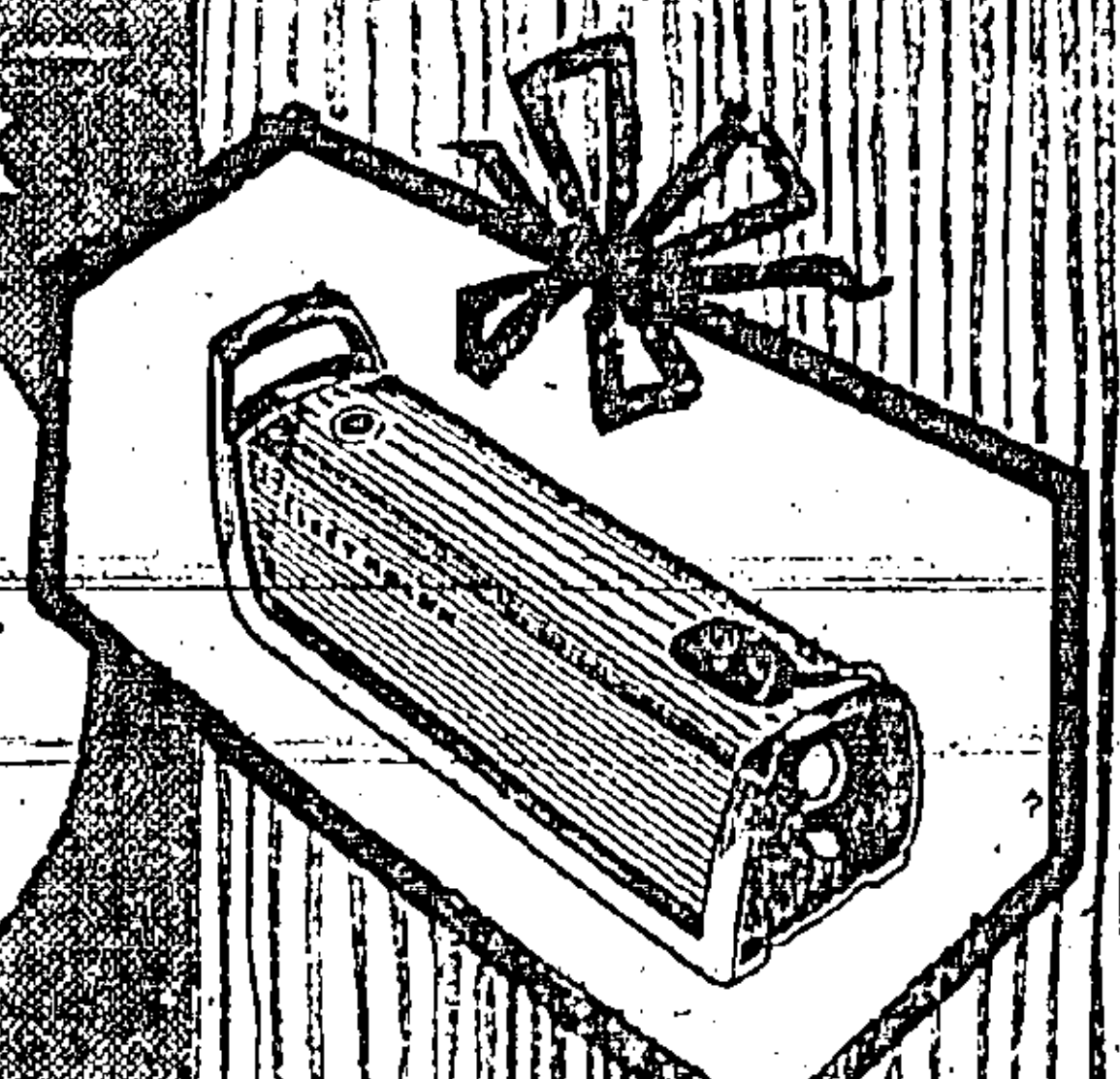


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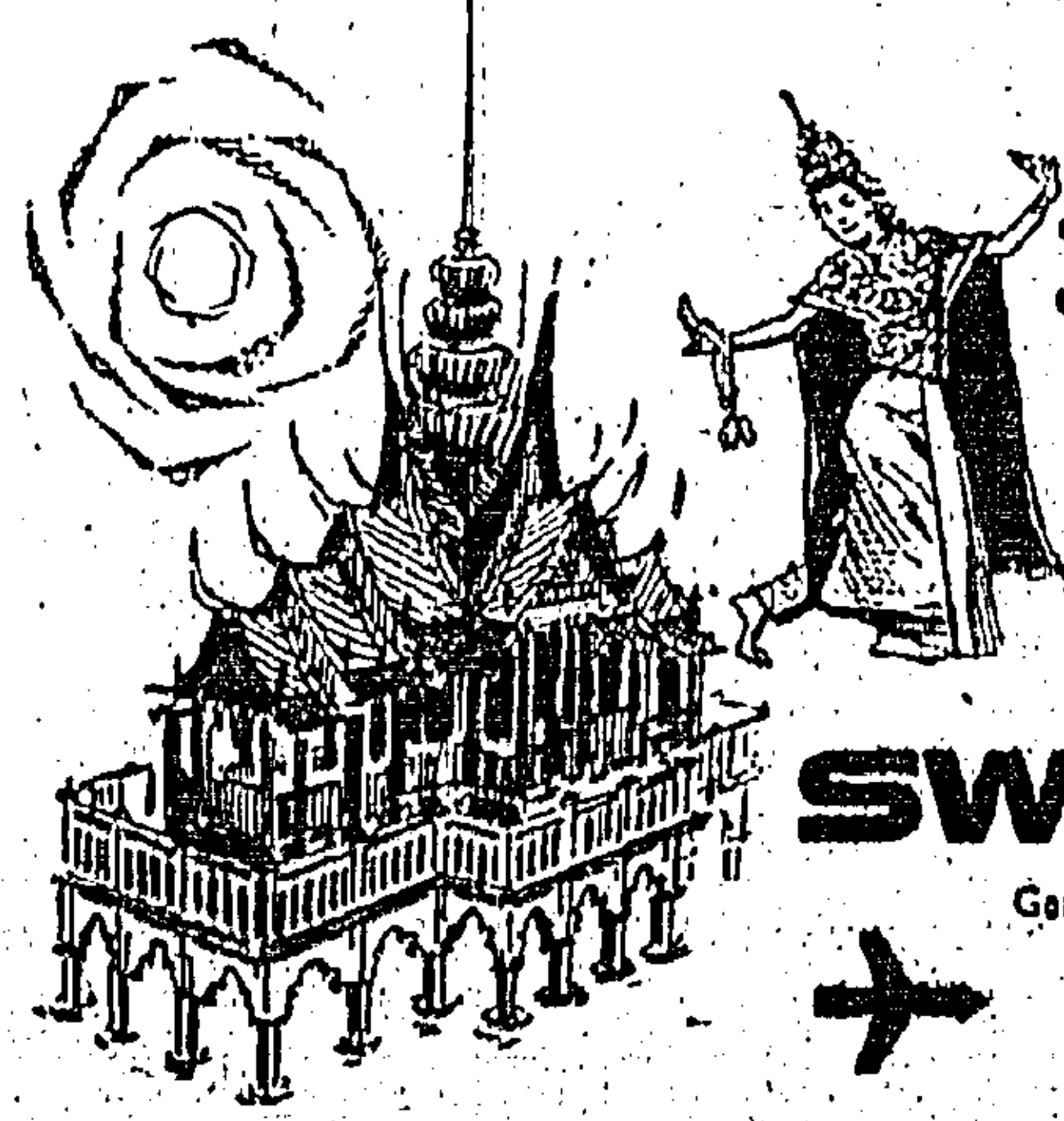
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THE MAIL BOOK PAGE by George Millar

COULD THIS BE THE TRUTH ABOUT RASPUTIN?

FOR INSTANCE: HIS REAL NAME WAS WILKIN AND HE WAS INCORRUPTIBLE!

RASPUTIN—A New Judgment, by H. H. Liepman, translated by Edward Fitzgerald (Muller, 18s.).

RASPUTIN appals; everything about him is big, bigger than life, bigger than death.

Also, while I read this biography my mind kept switching unthinkingly to another long-haired politician from the Orthodox Church, a bishop who has VERY little in common with the Russian mendicant friar and Staretz—miracle man.

Wilkin. It sounds almost English, and it was Rasputin's father's surname.

He was a hard-driving driver on the Steppes until ambition drove him to a monastery. For a crude peasant with knobby hands and greasy hair the only chance to power was by the back door of religion.

Enslaved

According to Herr Liepman, Rasputin would never have got near the Czar's household and enslaved the lovely Czarina by tricks saving the life of her son had he not been planted there as an agent of powerful Right-wing and pro-war societies.

His personality and healing gifts were so potent that he soon grew too big for his would-be masters and floated them.

He loved the Russian peasants and was not prepared to have them butchered in war.

He was a genuine pacifist. He would take gifts of stolen furs, gold, leather boots, houses, servants, bodyguards. He would take every woman he fancied. He would dance all night and drink wine by the hoghead. But he kept no money for himself. He was incorruptible.

A thousand times he flouted his vast strength and courage, but never once sensationally in his fight with six fired assassins.

Stalking the streets at night he entered an ill-lit alleyway by the Neva. Steps behind him, and a shot whistled past his ear. "With one swift and tranquil dash he leapt forward and upward, and with his great flat he smashed the lamp and plunged the alleyway into darkness. Letting himself fall to the ground, shots passed over him.

He then ran up the alley and attacked the six armed men. He had killed one outright and knocked out another when the police intervened to save the remainder from this pale-eyed goliath.

The story of his murder by the incredible, elegant Count Yussupov is well known, but is here given in terrible detail, since Herr Liepman personally examined the aged count in Paris.

This biography purports to be based on Rasputin's dossier kept by the Ochrana, the secret police of Czarist Russia.

I can't think Herr Liepman's book can be taken too seriously as history since, apart from his claim about the dossier, he quotes no sources.

However, he provides a lively stage for Rasputin and in the end the bearded Staretz strikes a, perhaps history's weirdest mixture of monster and healer.

Big brother makes good

THE MOUNTAINS OF RASSELAS, by Thomas Pakenham (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 21s.).

THANK goodness I am neither a Socialist nor peer, but were I Lord Pakenham I should feel extra proud this week of Tom, the oldest of my eight children.

On leaving Oxford Thomas Pakenham went to Abyssinia. He got on so well with Abyssinians—admittedly he noted one dark gentleman looking up "Pakenham" in Debreit—that they provided mules, interpreters, and armed guards, one of whom slung a Bren on his naked shoulder. Their kindnesses have been amply rewarded. Mr Pakenham rode off to examine flat-topped mountains where all possible claimants to the Ethiopian throne used to be immolated.



TOM PAKENHAM KINDNESS RETURNED

He examined many other interesting things. He took excellent photographs. He has a Belgianish love for people and architecture without straining, his book is humorous and perceptive. It is well planned, well written, and well produced.

His thoroughly professional job as a promising writer, now 25, who picks his own expenses with newspaper articles.

Luca's home-coming

THE SECRET OF LUCA, by Ignazio Silone (Cape, 12s.).

SILONE's Ignazio Silone should stop writing about peasants. I have lived among these people, and I say his peasants are great.

Here, Luca, who has done 40 years in goal for a murder he did not commit, comes home to his village. Although another has confessed to the crime the peasants' reason for home-coming it upsets them.

Luca has only three friends, a boy, an old priest, and Andrea, the bright man of the village who has political influence in Rome.

Luca, sad and resigned, is a challenge to the vigorous Andrea. Why had he allowed himself to be shut away in prison? Why had he insulted the judge? Why, even now, is he stubbornly silent about his innocence?

Among the bitter natives of the hot Italian hills the strange search for truth develops with the urgency of a detective story. With great artistry it is moulded into an ending of beauty and merit. A lovely book, and not a sad one.

Also on my shelf...

IN FLANDERS FIELDS, by Leon Wolff (Longmans, 5s.). Many a writer now is turning to The Other War. Here, finely told, is the story of Prosechende, the 1917 British offensive through liquid mud. NORMANDY REVISITED, by A. J. Liebling (Gollancz, 18s.). This creative, eminently professional New Yorker writer takes a journey from Weymouth to the Normandy battlefields. It is a book of well-balanced and neatly dovetailed memories.

Give the gulls some good food, said showman Todd

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

THE NINE LIVES OF MIKE TODD. By Art Cohn. Hutchinson, 21s.

IN all the history of human literacy, few books have been more badly written than this one. Its style is unspeakable ("All true cigar smokers are successful because they can't stand to smoke cheap cigars; they keep in the chips so they can afford ropes that will not asphyxiate them"); its hypocrisy revolting ("By nature, he hated the tawdry, the blatant, the pretentious. He respected the humble dignity of his father, but he was not willing to pay the price of poverty for it").

It almost seems that Cohn had studied all the bad writers of his time and set out to excel them. Yet the sheer awfulness of this noisy saloon English proves to have a certain hypnotic effect. It is even appropriate to its task, which is to tell the life story of Avrom Goldbogen, later Michael Todd.

Todd came up the hard way of show biz—strippers, girls, shows, too many suits, ties, houses, wives, bankruptcy, gin rummy, wows, nops. These were the storm foundations of his fame.

Not art—puff! Not money ("I owe a million. What am I supposed to do? Cut down on my cigars?"). Not women. ("In fact," said the sleek blonde in the bikini to Cohn, "he's a prude.") Not even "success."

"Following us for food," the first mate explained. "The garbage?" No sea gulls following my boat are going to eat garbage. Toss them some decent food."

No garbage

Putting on Maurice Evans as a male Hamlet, Mike Todd as a female Catherine II of Russia.

Some basic insecurity compelled him constantly to assert himself.

Writing at top speed and the top of his voice, Cohn had no time to answer the most important questions about Todd. Nor had he quite time to finish the book. He was killed last year in the same airplane crash on his subject.

While he was making Around the World in Eighty Days, the final triumph of his career, Todd stood on the bridge of a ship observing the hundreds of sea-gulls that followed it.

What he leaves here is material for the script of a new "Citizen Kane." If anyone wants it.

WOMEN AND THE SPELL OF MR. DALLI

By JOHN LAMBERT

TONI DALLI, a husky young tenor who got £6 10s. a week for lifting steel bars a year ago, recently bought himself a £3,000 car. His formula for getting into the Cadillac class: high notes and a hairy chest. With a brazen, brilliant smile he admits: "Perhaps I have not had a big hit record, yet. But it seems I have something more potent—a romantic appeal for women."

That certain potency has paid off powerfully for this 25-year-old Italian who once had to beg for bread. He has inspired up applause at Las Vegas. He has turned down a Hollywood film contract. And he has cornered the best of the critics' reviews from Connie Francis in their current West End season.

Gymnasium

His voice is now being nurtured by top operatic teachers. His muscles are kept rippling by daily exercises and a weekly work-out in a gymnasium. And Dalli has few scruples about singing arias in a slit shirt.

"My music teacher, he is much distressed," he explains. "He says it is not artistic for a tenor to sing twice a night in a music hall. But I say 'Listen, maestro, what do you want me to do—starve? There has been enough hardship in my life!'"

Demonstratively, he runs his hands through his carefully cut hair. "All my life, till now, I know what hardship is," he says. "I am the big boy of a poor family with four brothers and four sisters."

"I finish school when I am 10 years old, because it is a responsibility to be the big boy of a poor family. Sometimes we starve. Sometimes my sainted mother and me, we have to beg for bread to live."

"How does such a boy get money to learn how to sing? For me, like my friend Sophia, the answer is only one way: to make use of what we have been given."

"Look at that girl, Sophia. She is born near the gutter, but she wants to be a big dramatic actress. Is it crazy, you think?"

"But she has a sort of beauty, and she uses it. Now she is a dramatic star and never does she lose the dignity that is inside her."

"So when I come to Britain five years ago I know that I cannot afford pride. I work in the mines. I sweat in the steel works. I make money for singing lessons."

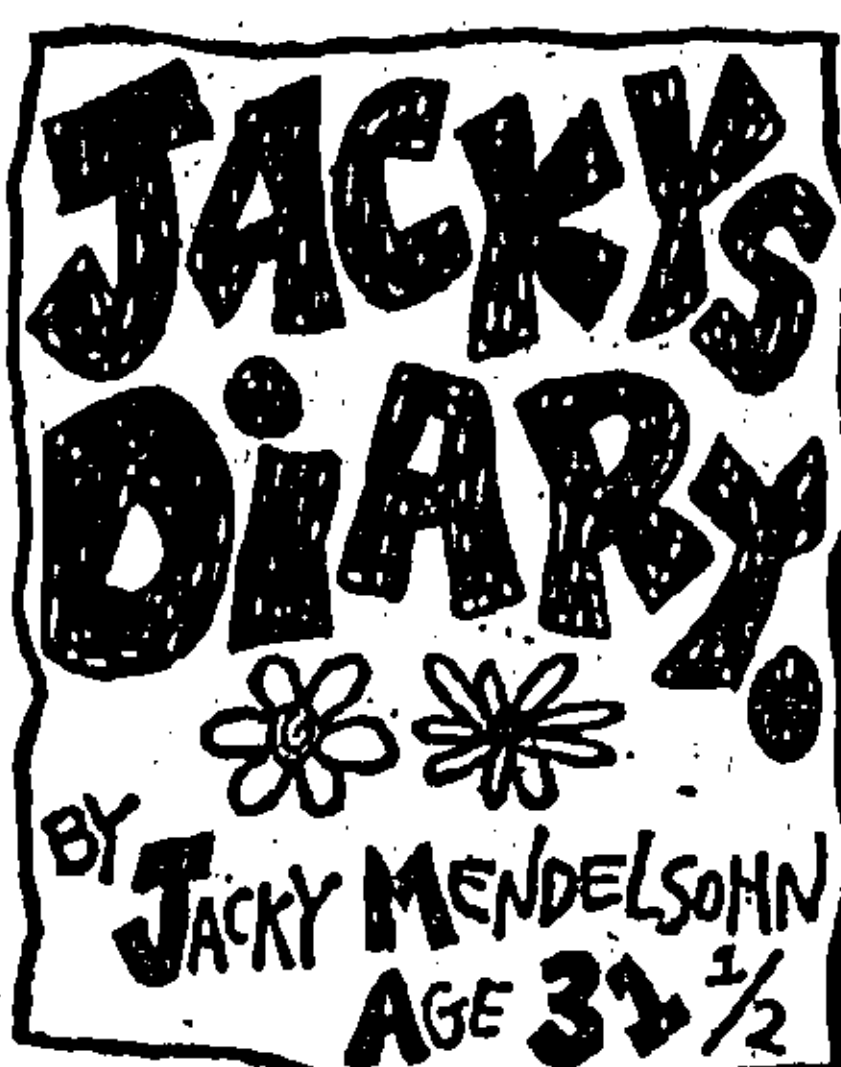
"If women like me it is my good fortune. So why should I not make use of it? Sure, sometimes it brings problems. They telephone me, they write letters. But I am not embarrassed, only grateful."

Ambition

What is his ambition? "To be a dramatic tenor in opera," he answers. "But that I hope to do when I am 35, when maybe I will be a fat man, but with such a fine voice it will not matter."

And if he fails? Dalli can even laugh at that. "So I can still lift steel bars, can't I? I can still sing, if only to myself. It is not a Cadillac that counts. It is only making the most of life that matters."

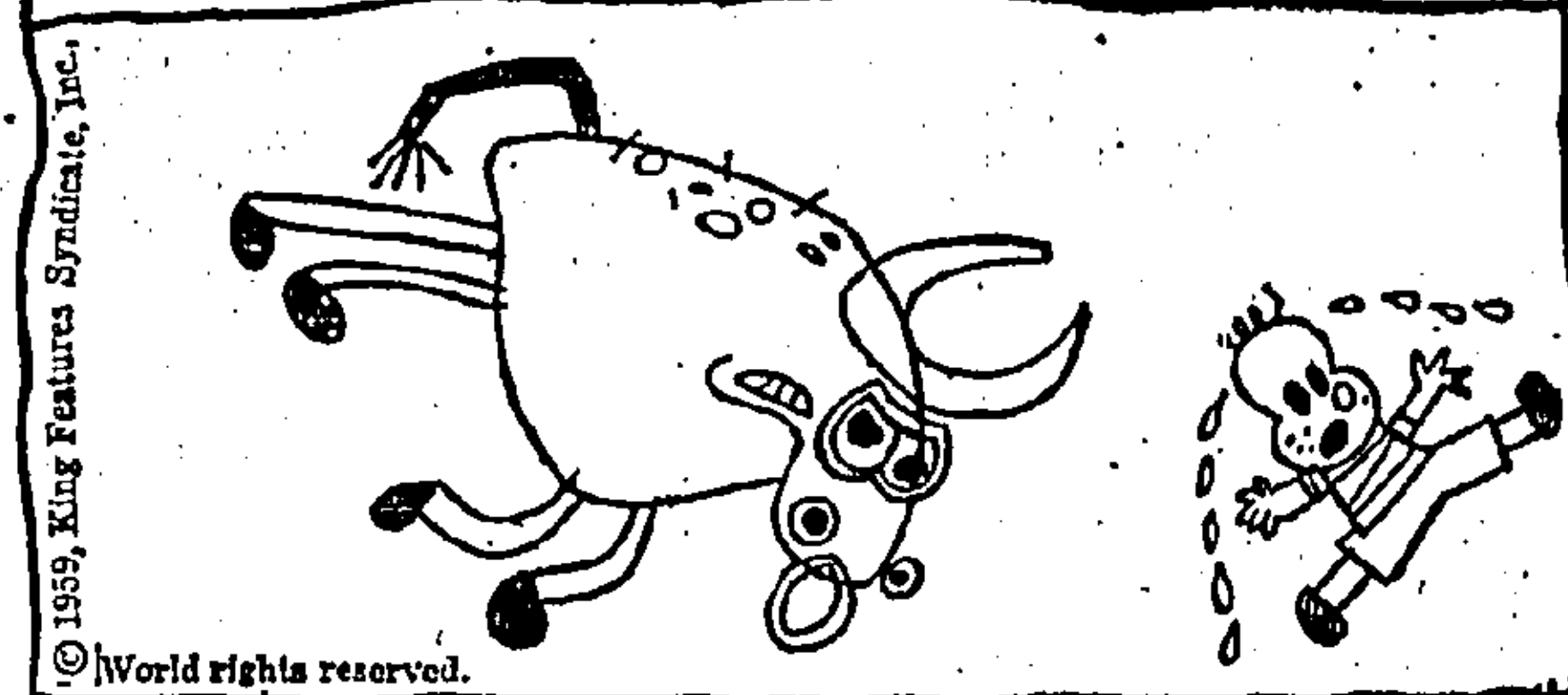
(London Express Service).



So we rode some more miles to a nother ground which didn't have any fire-place but at least there was grass.



There was a cow in the grass & I went over to pet it. Only it chased me on account of it was a bull.



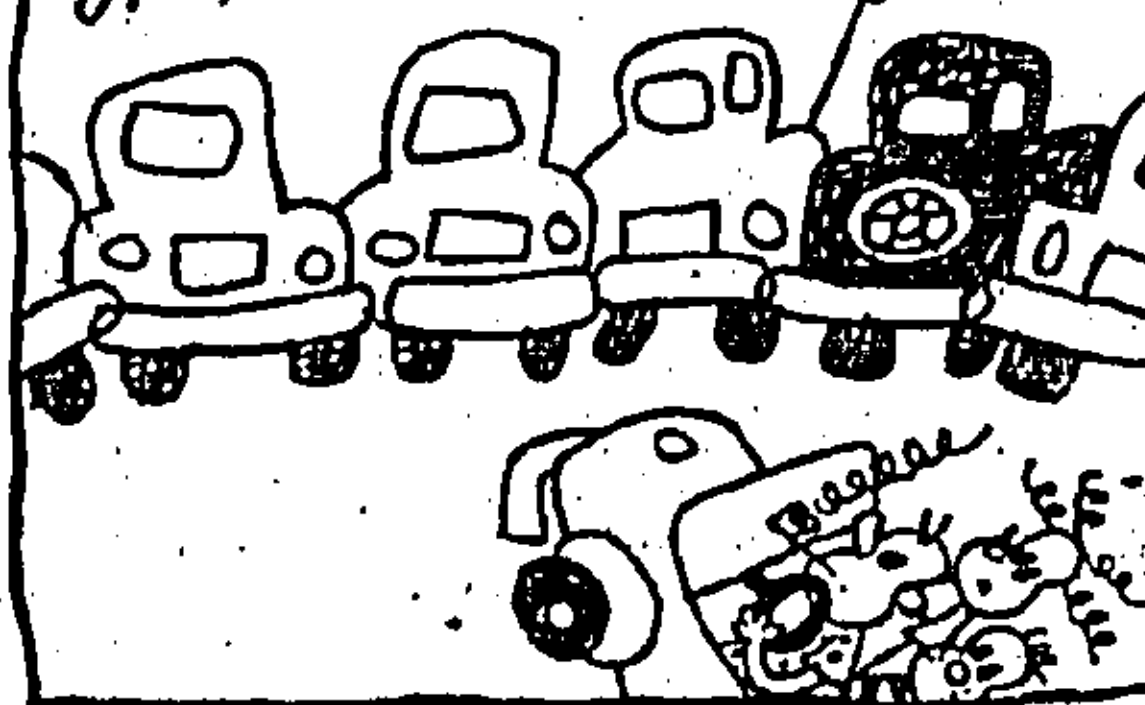
On the way home a nail got in the tire & pushed out all the air so Daddy took out a machine & pushed it back in again. It must be a magic trick as he kept on saying magic words.



Yesterday we got up bright & early & went on a picnic.



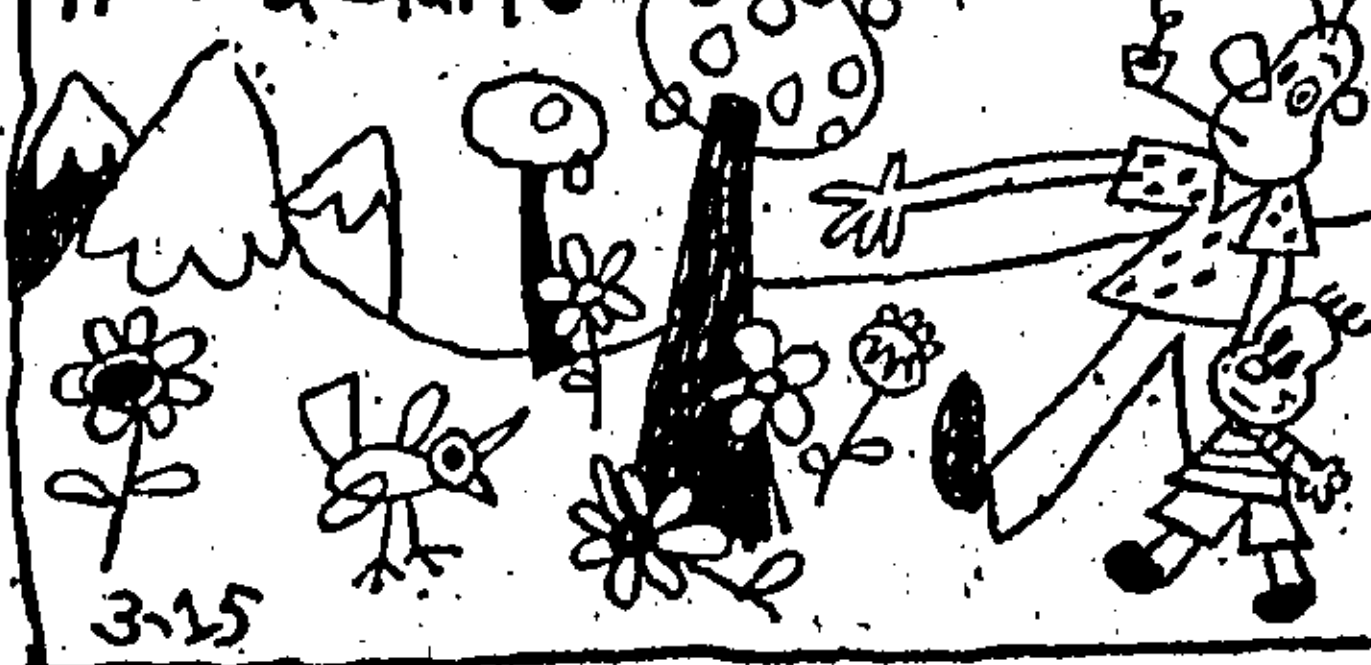
The 1st picnic ground we went to there was no more ground left as it was taken by some people who got up even brighter.



It turned out we didn't need a fire-place as none of the matches worked any how. Which is funny as I tested them before we left & they all worked O.K.



Later on Daddy wanted to show me the beauties of nature & only we couldn't find any. Just a bunch of flowers & trees & stuff.



Daddy caught a big fish & he's not allowed to scratch which is the best part of it.



ADD VICE FOR CHILDREN:

Picnics are good cause they give you a chance to eat raw hot dogs & hamburgers.

Also the country air is very healthy. So if you go on a picnic make sure & breathe.

Your friend JACKY.

★ ★ ★ FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ★ ★ ★

YOU ARE THE BIRDS' LANDLORDS

ARE you a good landlord to your bird tenants? If the nesting boxes you put out for their use are unoccupied, perhaps you aren't meeting their house-keeping requirements.

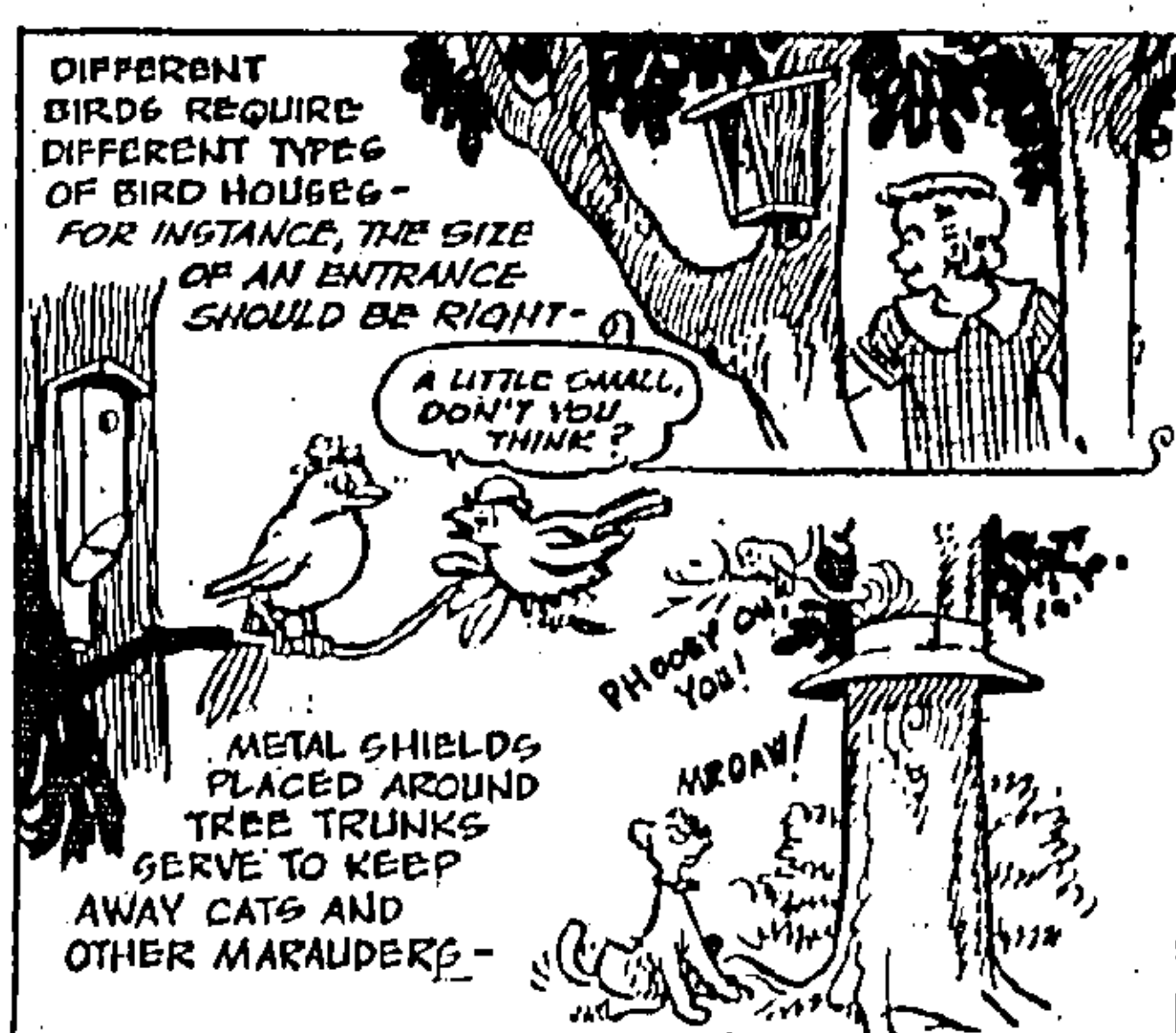
Mr and Mrs Woodpecker have different needs than do the robin or wren families. In fact, there is more to providing a good home for feathered neighbors than buying a house or making one yourself.

First of all, any birdhouse you erect should be as nearly like their natural homes as it is possible to make them. Bluebirds like the privacy of one-room, one-door homes in orchards while song sparrows are partial to thickets. And purple martins who enjoy chatting and squabbling with their neighbours like multiple dwellings in bright sunshine.

Birds also desire different size and depth of nest cavities as well as different sized entrances. They cannot, of course, occupy houses with too small openings and, strangely, are equally fussy about occupying ones with too large entrances.

These hard-to-please tenants also want their homes to be at different heights from the ground. Bluebirds like a height of 5 to 10 feet; chickadees 6 to 15 feet; and purple martins 15 to 20 feet.

Nests should also be made safe from cats, and other marauders. If possible, birdhouses should be placed or hung from a metal pole or galvanized pipe sufficiently high from the ground and far enough away from



trees and other objects so that these predators cannot jump across. Another good safety device is to place a metal shield around wooden poles and tree trunks. These shields may be just a wide piece of thin metal (at least a foot across) which is wrapped closely around the post or tree trunk at some distance from the ground or they may be cone-

shaped, like a large inverted funnel. And while a porch may look well on a birdhouse, it often serves as a ledge where squirrels and other animals rest while they pilfer the nest.

Birdhouses should also be watertight, so that they are a protection against bad weather. If made with steeply slanted roof, water will not drain back into the box. The roof should also extend 2 or 3 inches over the box, to protect the entrance hole from driving rain or hail.

In addition, a good landlord uses wood rather than metal nesting boxes, as they don't draw the heat; places them so that they are shaded during the middle of the day (being small, birdhouses can become un-

bearably hot); and sees that his tenants have supplies of the right food as well as fresh water for drinking and bathing. Landlords should also clean out bird rental quarters after each occupancy, so that they are in readiness for new tenants. And be sure to stand by to give aid if bees, hornets, and other insects decide to occupy the same quarters you are leasing to a bird family. If boxes are made with a hinged back, they can be opened easily to remove the intruders without disturbing the nesting birds.

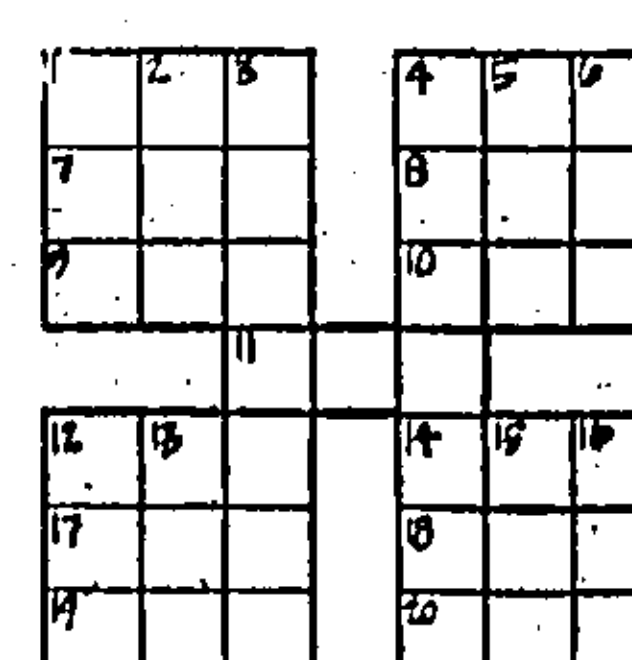
In fact, if you are a good landlord your tenants will not only help you to keep down the weed crop in your garden, protect your fruit trees from injurious insects but they will reward you with continuous concerts.

—JOSEPHINE M. OPSAHL

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

APRIL showers bring Puzzle Pete's variety puzzle:

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Cleopatra's snake
- 4 Sical
- 7 Boy's name
- 8 Dutch city
- 9 Through
- 10 Fruit drink
- 11 Insane
- 12 Baba and the 40
- 13 Thieves
- 14 Ago
- 17 Obtain
- 18 Rascally
- 19 Editors (ab.)
- 20 Pigeon

DOWN

- 1 High Mountain
- 2 Obscure
- 3 Lets
- 4 School books
- 5 Unusual
- 6 Honey-maker
- 12 How old you are
- 13 Conducted
- 15 Rodent
- 16 Adjective

"NET" WORDS

Each of these words ends in "net" and missing letters show you how many are to be added to complete them. Can you, from the clues given?

- NET (kind of poem)
— NET (young peep)
— NET (Mars)
— NET (young swim)

See Col. 4 For Answers

TRIANGLE

ADORED serves as a base for Puzzle Pete's word triangle. The second word is "paid" notice in a newspaper; third "bustle"; fourth "three-banded armadillo"; and fifth "a saying." Complete the triangle from Puzzle Pete's clues:

A
D
O
R
E
D

ADORED

BEHEADINGS

Behead "a bridge" and have "a cooking utensil;" behead this and have "an indefinite article;" behead "to lose colour" and have "a fruit drink;" behead this and have an abbreviation for "Down East."

PICTURE WORD SQUARE

Describe each picture with a four-letter word and when you write them down you'll find your answer reads the same down as across:



SPEAKING OF CAMELS

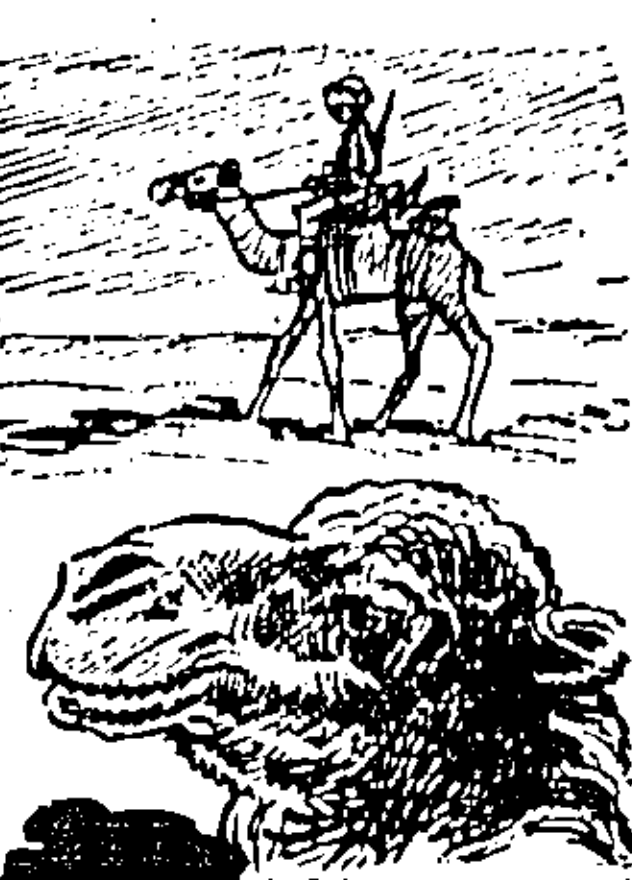
CAMELS have always been important in the hands of the Bedouin—especially the dromedary which has only one hump. This Asian or African animal is especially fitted to live in dry and desert regions where it has long been used as a beast of burden. The camel can travel across the hot desert, eight to 10 miles an hour, for many hours without stopping.

The camel reaches its full growth at the age of 16 or 17 years. It lives about 50 years. Broad cushioned feet keep the camel from

sinking as it walks across the sand. Its nostrils are narrow slits which close during a sand storm and its eyes are protected by heavy lashes; its small ears are protected by hair.

It can live on sparse, desert vegetation and for several days without water. Many people believe the camel stores water in its hump but this is not true. It has several stomachs for a good supply of water.

Some transport camels are capable of carrying half a ton 25 miles a day. Racing camels can easily cover 100 miles in the same time. An unsuccessful attempt was once made by the



throwing or biting his rider at every opportunity. It will travel only if it must, and it will not lift a load which it considers too heavy.

★ ★ ★

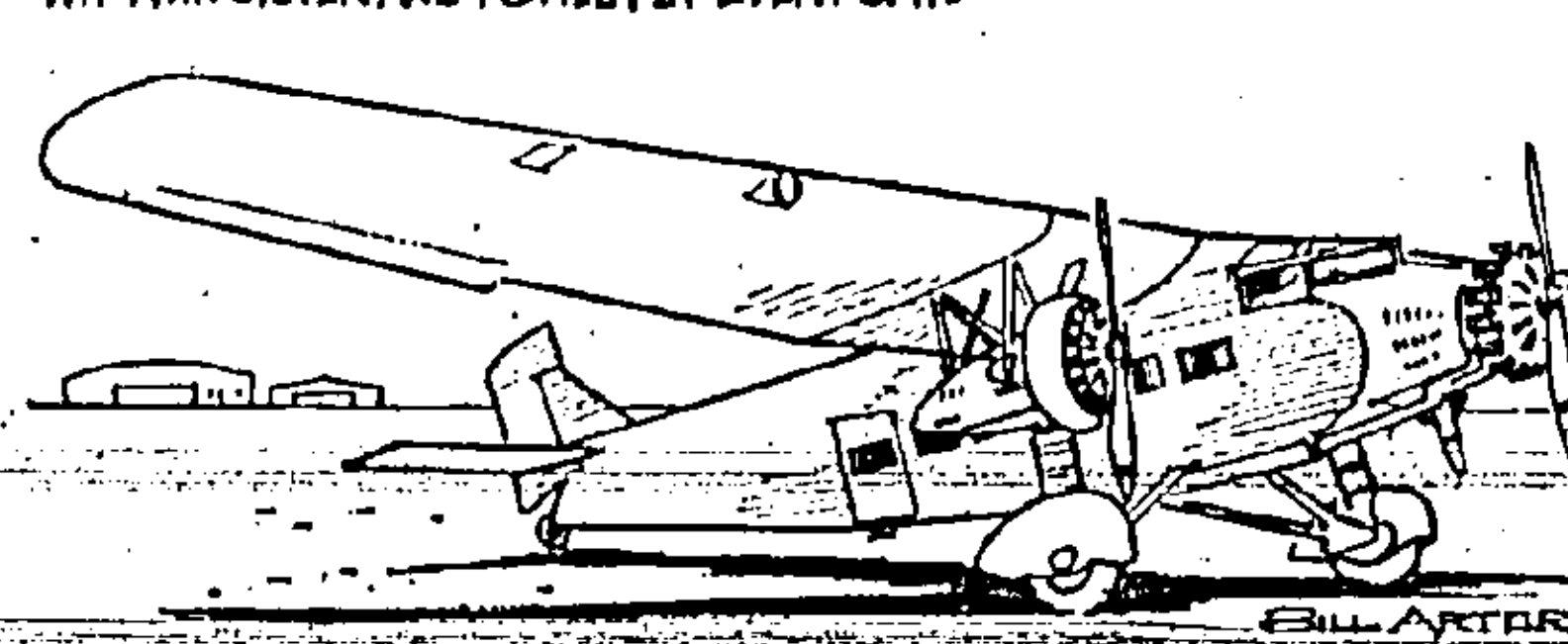
Camel flesh and milk are used by the Arabs and the hair of the camel has long been used for clothing, tents and other coarse fabrics. The manufacture of camel hair was restricted to Germany before the World War but it is now carried on in England and the United States. The coarse hair is used for carpets and bedding, and the wool for light, warm, durable cloths for almsmen's clothing, polar sleeping bags and linings. Owing to its pleasing brown colour it is seldom dyed.

U.S. Army to use camels in Arizona and New Mexico. Though it serves man, the camel never yields to kindness.

'Tin Goose' Still Soars

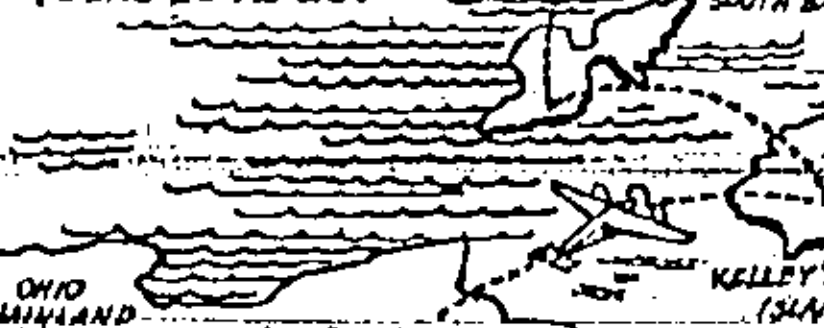
The Story of the Old "Tin Goose"

"I'M ANCIENT, AS AIRPLANES GO—30 YEARS OLD! THEY CALL ME THE TIN GOOSE NOW. BUT, IN 1928, I WAS THE GRANDEST IN THE AIR. WE FORD TRI-MOTORS FLEW CELEBRITIES COAST-TO-COAST WHILE THOUSANDS CAME TO WATCH US TAKE OFF OR LAND. BUT I'M NOT LIVING IN THE PAST. MY TWIN SISTER AND I STILL FLY EVERY DAY."



"WE FLY A REGULAR ROUTE TO A GROUP OF ISLANDS IN LAKE ERIE. WE CARRY 13 PASSENGERS IN ALL SORTS OF WEATHER. WE ARE IDEAL FOR THIS SERVICE, SO WE ARE BEAUTIFULLY CARED FOR."

"OUR PILOTS ARE NEVER OUT OF SIGHT OF THEIR OWN HOMES. WE HAUL KIDS TO SCHOOL AND FLY THE MAIL. THE ISLAND FOLKS LOVE US."



Three Magic Words

PEOPLE who buy their groceries at Frank Almeida's store in New Bedford, Mass., often ask, "How do you always manage to start the day off with such a cheerful face, Frank?"

"That's because I feel cheerful."

"Yes, but how are you always so cheerful? When I get up in the morning I always feel terrible, disgusted. My body aches, there's a bad taste in my mouth. I have to be called two or three times, and even then I have to force myself to get up."

A SECRET WAY

"I never have to force myself," Frank said, smiling. "I have a secret way of preparing my mind so that I automatically start feeling well. Even when I am quite tired and my body aches when I get up, I use my secret and I start smiling. I get the feeling that everything is still all right in the

world, so that all the pains, and the troubles that threaten me during the coming day are not really important."

"Yes, but what's your secret?"

"I say three magic words."

"What are they?"

"Good morning, God." Try them. Say those three magic words immediately on opening your eyes in the morning and see if you don't start smiling right away.

"You'll be surprised at the difference those three magic words make in your mental outlook when you start getting out of bed."

THEY WORK

Frank says those three magic words do "work." They seem to get the whole new day started on the right track.

When you open your eyes in bed and immediately say, "Good morning, God!" you get the exhilarating feeling that God, Himself, smiles at you.

And you can't help but smile back at Him.

—MANUEL ALMADA

FIRST FACTORY

DID YOU KNOW that the very first factory built in America was a glass factory? This is a startling fact because when we think of those early colonies we think of such products as wood and clothing and implements... not glass.

Before The Pilgrims

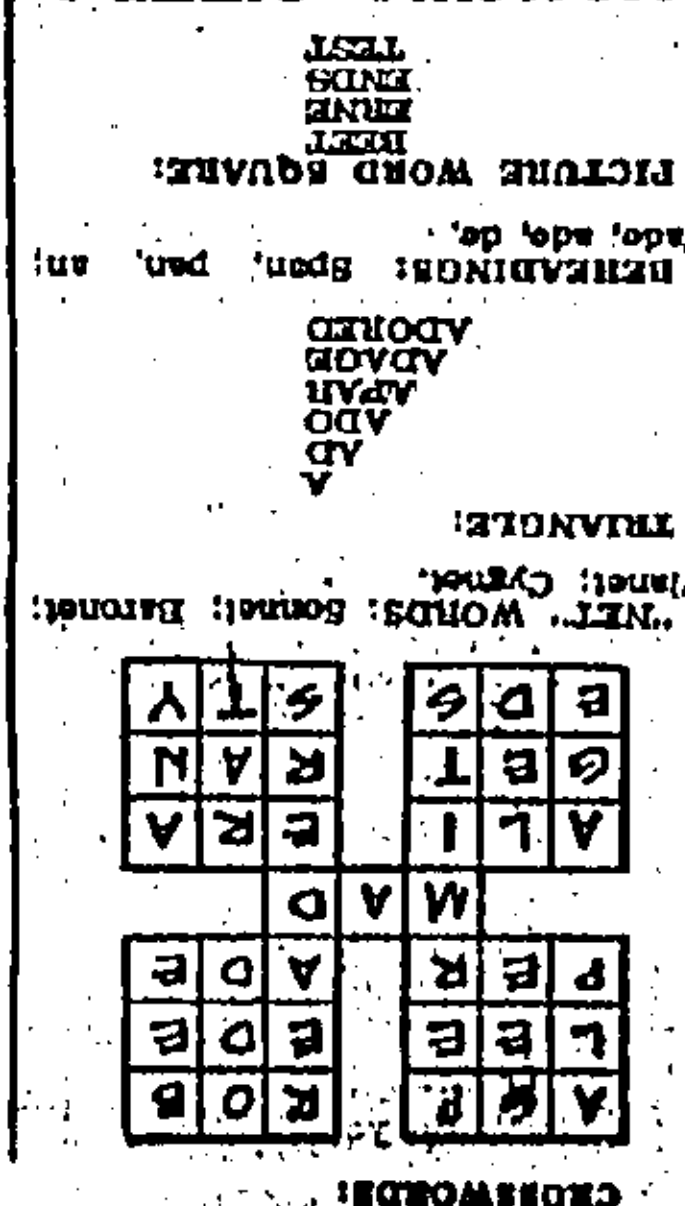
But history points out that glass was in America even before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock. In 1603, within a mile of the English settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, a glass house was built in the woods. This factory began with the manufacture of bottles. And bottles were the first manufactured articles to be exported from North America.

Glass Beads Popular

In those early days glass beads were in great demand. Indians were eager to trade items the settlers were eager to have. If beads were part of the deal. So when the first glass house fell to pieces a second took its place for the purpose of supplying Indians with beads.

Glass making in America prospered and by 1805 there was a manufacturing in the vicinity of Boston, glass that was almost the equal of the best flint glass manufactured in England.

Puzzle Answers



Catching Moonbeams

—Mr. Merlin Shows the Shadows How It's Done—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF and Hanid, the Shadow-Children with the Turned-About Names, were surprised to see Mr. Merlin, the Magnificent Magician, coming out from behind the bookcase, carrying what appeared to be a long metal tube on his shoulder. Noting Knarf and Hanid, Mr. Merlin stopped to bid them good-evening. It was just about beginning to get dark and the moon was coming up over the horizon.

"Good evening, Mr. Merlin," said Hanid.

"Knarf Asked A Question"

"Good evening," said Knarf. "What's that big tube you're carrying over your shoulder?"

Mr. Merlin smiled and said: "Come along with me and I'll explain it to you."

Knarf and Hanid followed Mr. Merlin out into the garden. He took the big tube off his shoulder and set it up on a tripod. He pointed one end of the tube directly at the moon, which was now standing full and bright, just over the top of the hill at the end of the road.

"You said you were going to tell us what that tube was," said Hanid.

"It's a magic moonbeam-catcher," said Mr. Merlin.

"Really?" said Hanid. "Does it catch moonbeams?"

Mr. Merlin nodded.

"Bottle Full Of Moonbeams"

"They drop into this tube, slide down to the bottom. Then I collect them in this bottle."

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"They drop into this tube, slide down to the bottom. Then I collect them in this bottle."



"It's a magic moonbeam-catcher," said Mr. Merlin.

catching any moonbeams either, Mr. Merlin.

Mr. Merlin's face clouded over.

"Why do you say that?" he said.

"Well," said Knarf, "I've been watching this bottle and I don't see any of them falling into it. It's as empty as it was when you started."

Mr. Merlin went over and picked up the bottle and peered at it sharply.

"Why?" he said, smiling again. "It's absolutely full of moonbeams!"

"It looks empty," said Knarf.

"Empty Or Not?"

"I think it's empty, too," said Hanid. "It's just an empty milk bottle."

"You two children couldn't be more wrong," said Mr. Merlin. "Just let me show you that this bottle is overflowing with moonbeams."

They all went back into the house. Mr. Merlin took the magic moonbeam-catcher with him.

"How are you going to prove that that bottle is full of moonbeams?" said Knarf.

"It's very simple," said Mr. Merlin. "I just have to put this bottle of moonbeams in the ice box for a minute for cooling off."

"That's what Mr. Merlin did. He put the bottle in the ice box, shut the door, waited a minute, opened it again and took out a bottle full of white-ness."

"There's your bottle of moonbeams," he said.

"It's a bottle of milk!" cried Knarf and Hanid.

But Mr. Merlin wouldn't change his mind.

"And anyway," he said, "moonbeams taste just like milk! Here, try some!"

Rupert and the Blunderpuss—36



Bill and Algy look on terrified while their pal faces the wind and what his whiskers you've got!" The Blunderpuss sits up and stares intently as if it can't believe its ears. Then, with a gas, it leaps straight at the little bear.

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Try These Wit Sharpeners

ARE YOUR wits sharp? Can you think quickly? If you can this little puzzle will be as easy as pie for you, or will it?

Suppose you have 30 yards of bunting. You are going to cut it in yard lengths to decorate the school gym. If you cut one yard a minute, how many minutes will it take? Quickly now, what's your answer?

Ready for another? All right, try this one for size:

Suppose you and a friend are sitting in a room talking. Your friend tells you that he, without leaving the room, can seat himself in a place where you can't possibly sit. Can he? If so, where? Hurry up, now! Half a minute should be all the time plus 20 is 30.

Suppose you and a friend are sitting in a room talking. Your friend tells you that he, without leaving the room, can seat himself in a place where you can't possibly sit. Can he? If so, where? Hurry up, now! Half a minute should be all the time plus 20 is 30.

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you need to come up with this answer.

Still some fight left in you? Try this, then. This is simple and right to the point, a direct question. You answer it, if you can! What is the difference between twice 25 and twice 5, and 20? What's your answer? No difference? Better check your answer! While you are about it, check the other answers, too!

Answers:

1. The answer is not 30 minutes as most say. Only 20 cuts are necessary, so 20 minutes is correct.

2. If your friend sits in your lap, he is sitting in a place where you can never sit.

3. Twice 25 is 50, and twice 5 is 10. (Twice 5 is 10, twice 10 is 20, twice 20 is 40, twice 40 is 80, twice 80 is 160, twice 160 is 320, twice 320 is 640, twice 640 is 1280, twice 1280 is 2560, twice 2560 is 5120, twice 5120 is 10240, twice 10240 is 20480, twice 20480 is 40960, twice 40960 is 81920, twice 81920 is 163840, twice 163840 is 327680, twice 327680 is 655360, twice 655360 is 1310720, twice 1310720 is 2621440, twice 2621440 is 5242880, twice 5242880 is 10485760, twice 10485760 is 20971520, twice 20971520 is 41943040, twice 41943040 is 83886080, twice 83886080 is 167772160, twice 167772160 is 335544320, twice 335544320 is 671088640, twice 671088640 is 1342177280, twice 1342177280 is 2684354560, twice 2684354560 is 5368709120, twice 5368709120 is 10737418240, twice 10737418240 is 21474836480, twice 21474836480 is 42949672960, twice 42949672960 is 85899345920, twice 85899345920 is 171798691840, twice 171798691840 is 343597383680, twice 343597383680 is 687194767360, twice 687194767360 is 1374389534720, twice 1374389534720 is 2748779069440, twice 2748779069440 is 5497558138880, twice 5497558138880 is 10995116277760, twice 10995116277760 is 21990232555520, twice 21990232555520 is 43980465111040, twice 43980465111040 is 87960930222080, twice 87960930222080 is 175921860444160, twice 175921860444160 is 351843720888320, twice 351843720888320 is 703687441776640, twice 703687441776640 is 1407374883553280, twice 1407374883553280 is 2814749767106560, twice 2814749767106560 is 5629499534213120, twice 5629499534213120 is 11258999068426240, twice 11258999068426240 is 22517998136852480, twice 22517998136852480 is 45035996273704960, twice 45035996273704960 is 90071992547409920, twice 90071992547409920 is 180143985094819840, twice 180143985094819840 is 360287970189639680, twice 360287970189639680 is 720575940379279360, twice 720575940379279360 is 1441151880758558720, twice 1441151880758558720 is 2882303761517117440, twice 2882303761517117440 is 5764607523034234880, twice 5764607523034234880 is 11529215046068469760, twice

DO YOU VIEW THE YOUNGER GENERATION WITH ALARM? DO YOU FALL ASLEEP WATCHING TV? IF YOU DO, NOW IS THE TIME TO FACE THE TRUTH.

Are YOU afraid of growing old?

LIFE has some great moments. But much of it is a series of dirty tricks. Most of which bypass you—hooray for that!—and happen only to other people. And hooray for that too!

For that's as it should be. And given luck, looks, and lucre, your life can be plump plums and lush grapes for ever. And ever. And ever. Or can it?

Almost certainly it can't.

For life's dirtiest trick of all happens to everyone. You grow old.

Wrinkle by wrinkle your plums become prunes, the gorgeous grapes turn to raisins. And you wake up one day no longer a promising new talent, no longer a successful young whatever, no longer a mature associate in the prime of life, but an old crock.

AN OLD CROCK?

You will know it when it happens because you will do all the things all old crocks do. You will not venture out to a party on a cold February night. You will run peculiarly. You will fall asleep watching the television. Through your bifocals, you will view the younger generation with alarm. Are you afraid of these things happening to you?

Does the prospect of being 10 years older than you now seem bleak and grim?

ADJUSTED?

The truth is that the less you mind, the less it hurts and the less it shows. The more fully you live at each age-stage, the less you have to regret about the last, and the less there is to fear from the next.

Answer these questions and find out if you are adjusted to your age—or if you are wasting precious time worrying about wasting precious time.

1. Would you enjoy meeting yourself 10 years ago more than you would now?

(a) Yes. (b) No.

2. (a) If a pretty young girl whom you found rather attractive asked you advice about herself and another man, would you find the situation—

(a) ironical? (b) galling? (c) cleansing? (d) promising?

2. (b) If you are a woman, read that last question



Your life can be plump plums... for ever...

again—substituting a handsome man for the pretty young girl.

3. Do you prefer people to—

(a) remember your birth-day? (b) forget it?

4. Do you treat very old people—

(a) as children? (b) as equals? (c) as if they were deaf?

5. When you see your face in the mirror in the morning do you usually look at it with—

(a) disquiet? (b) disgust? (c) affection?

6. If you are invited to join a group of people all younger than yourself do you feel—

(a) flattered?

(b) obliged to show off a little?

(c) unconscious of any age difference?

(d) like a fish out of water?

7. When you saw/see your first grey hair did/will you—

(a) suffer a sharp pang and leave it?

(b) tear it out?

(c) pluck it out to every-body?

(d) shrug?

8. By and large, have you wasted your life up till now?

(a) Yes. (b) No.

9. If you are enjoying yourself with a group of friends

who show no sign of flagging and you know it will be the same for you next morning, do you generally—

(a) leave firmly? (b) forget the time and enjoy it?

(c) stay on and hate it?

10. If you've still got your teeth, have they begun to frighten you?

(a) Yes. (b) No.

11. If you suspect you need (new) glasses do you go and get something done about it straight away?

(a) Yes. (b) No.

12. Do you look forward to being a grandparent?

(a) Yes. (b) No.

13. What do you (will you) feel when a very young girl scrambles over your feet and over your seat in a crowded bus?

(a) grateful? (b) indignant? (c) resigned?

14. If you find an old favourite suit/dress uncomfortable or out of fashion, do you—

(a) "I'm the same person, only the same garment— and go on squeezing yourself into it?"

(b) keep it hanging around in your wardrobe just in case?

(c) try to get another just like it?

(d) throw it out?

15. If you are feeling perfectly well and someone says you haven't seen for a while, do you—

(a) admit it cheerfully? (b) brood? (c) try to explain it away?

16. If you could get them would you choose—

(a) the last 10 years over again? (b) an extra 10 years at the end of your life?

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35. If you were feeling perfectly well and someone says you haven't seen for a while, do you—

(a) admit it cheerfully? (b) brood? (c) try to explain it away?

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Britain's Problem

PETER BURGOYNE'S
News From Britain

THERE are an estimated 200,000 coloured immigrants living and working in Britain today. Just over half of them are West Indians, mainly Jamaicans and Barbadians. The others are largely West Africans and Pakistanis.

Two hundred thousand men, women and children in a country of 51 million. Statistically speaking, that means you should see one coloured face for every 250 or so white ones you see.

But human beings are not statistical units. They are gregarious souls who prefer the comfort and company of their own kind. People who have to work to live and live to work. And so, hardly surprisingly, the coloured people tend to congregate in communities in the large industrial and commercial centres where they can satisfy their social and economic needs.

Because, like immigrants the world over they are poor, they congregate in the poorer districts of the big cities. In the very places where social problems are most acute.

Too often one all-important factor—colour apart—distinguishes the coloured man from his white neighbour. For him the near-stump represents the bottom of a social ladder he must climb. For his neighbour it is the bottom of a ladder down which he has fallen, or has abandoned hope of climbing.

When the coloured man begins to pull himself up the rungs, his neighbours, who have abandoned hope of doing the same, snatch at the chance to believe that the coloured man is climbing at their expense, in order to satisfy their self-esteem.

Thus is born a "colour problem." And with it comes the antagonism and suspicion which can be so readily exploited by those with a mind to do so.

I put these facts before you because of the growing blatancy of the anti-coloured organisations, particularly in London. They have their pamphlets and news-sheets. They daub walls with "Keep Britain White" signs. One of them has opened a bookshop in Notting Hill, scene of last year's racial trouble.

At the moment such people are a minute minority. Rightly regarded by the great majority as cranks.

And therein lies the danger: regarded as cranks, they are dismissed as harmless. In the circumstances I have described they could readily be the reverse.

Moral Storm

A VERY eminent British scientist, Sir Ronald Fisher, President of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, has recommended that parents should be given the right to decide that deformed or mentally deficient children should be destroyed at birth.

Although Sir Ronald said this during a tour of Australia, it has caused a storm in his own country. For here is no sterile crank trying to shove us into a Huxleyan Brave New World, but a distinguished and respected citizen with eight children of his own, who has flushed into the open the sort of question most people prefer to leave unanswered in the dark recesses of their minds.

The controversy sparked by Sir Ronald's statement will wax and reverberate in the newspaper columns, on the air and the television screens of the country. But it will be an academic controversy. For I doubt if there is a member of the United Kingdom Parliament who would dare try to introduce the legislation to give effect to Sir Ronald's exhortation. Certainly no government in the foreseeable future would dare pass such legislation.

For all that, Sir Ronald's remark might bear good fruit if it brings inconspicuously before the public the inexcusable lack of facilities in Britain for the care of such children. At the moment, the majority of them are left not only as a burden upon their parents, but trade shadows over all who must share their lives.

Shadow Over Theatreland

WHEN a brilliant young man of the British theatre was fined in London recently for importing men for an immoral purpose, a writer in the mass-circulation Daily Express made the startling charge that the London theatre was dominated by homosexuals. He urged that these "evil men" and their "unpleasant freemasonry" should be driven from their positions of power.

His attack stung a retort out of angry young playwright John Osborne who took issue with him on several scores.

But Osborne at the same time confirmed the charge of homosexual domination of the theatre.

In his reply, published by the Daily Express, he wrote: "Ever since I started work in the theatrical profession I have tried to attack the dominance of homosexuals in all its fields." And he added: "It seems to me that most homosexual art tends to be—or at least to become—overtraditional, conservative, narrow, parochial, self-congratulatory, narcissistic. This has been particularly true of the English theatre, which has been indeed dominated by highly-talented homosexuals."

Leading Light

HAVE we become blasé about scientific discoveries? The question was prompted recently by the lack of prominence given to accounts of what-to me, anyway—is a startling discovery: a light that never goes out.

The discovery is the result of the combined efforts of an engraver and a firm of manufacturing chemists near London. This perpetual illumination is provided by isotope-activated krypton gas which is being produced by the Atomic Energy Authority.

The power unit weighs a mere 1½ ounces and the lamp has no wires, batteries or bulbs. It throws a beam strong enough to read a newspaper by.

The possibility of producing a more powerful version is being investigated.

Welcome

AFTER years of unsmiling service from public servants—a legacy of wartime—"take it or leave it" attitude—courtesy is beginning to creep back into British daily life.

The Postmaster-General has told telephone operators to go out of their way to be cheerful and pleasant, milk roundsmen are being exhorted to chat cheerily on the maternal doorstep—light—and now bus conductors are being urged to remember that "Life is Brighter for Courtesy."

JUST FANCY • BY • THE • WAY •

THAT

by Beachcomber

WHEN a prosecution witness said that carrots alleged to have been stolen were valueless, a charge of theft against a market porter was dismissed at London Sessions recently. The deputy chairman, Mr. Henry Elam, upheld a defence submission that a man cannot be convicted of stealing something that has no value.

EVERYBODY in Suffolk is talking of the reported appearance of the first yellow-necked mouse ever to be seen in that county. How did he get there? Yellow-necked mice are natives of Rumania, and I have seen them in thousands in Transylvanian villages, some of them as big as otters. The villagers build traps with maize. A Rumanian resident in England

introduced them into Westmorland, but they apparently migrated, as there are none there today.

Charlie Suet is embarrassed

BY an amusing irony Suet's new secretary, Yvonne Darling, is last year's Tupton Beauty Queen. The surname alone terrifies poor Suet. And when she looks at him with her large blue eyes he flinches as though menaced by a hornet. He dictates his letters from a distant corner of the room, in the lee of a protective filing cabinet. When she hands him a cup of tea he backs away like a shy horse and then reaches out, as though they were standing on opposite banks of a stream. "Missie Slop-corner," said a friend, "is the only girl in Suet's life—and she is only just in it."

A daring innovation

THE latest plucky effort to overcome the enormous difficulties of abolishing passports is a suggestion that for a one-day trip (lasting not more than seven hours) to Boulogne only four photographs, full-face, a medical certificate, and an identity card should be obligatory. Of course, the intending traveller would have to be "screened" at the port of embarkation by officials, and would have his fingerprints taken by a Scotland Yard expert, after verification of the document in which a J.P., a schoolmaster, a bank manager, and an M.P. attest that he is a bona fide traveller. With these precautions, and with the forms to be filled in during the cross-Channel voyage, it might be feasible to dispense, temporarily, with the passport.

Nothing to do with me

THE making of gramophone records is not the simple business it used to be. I read of plans to record an opera which included the "whinnying of real camels," and "a wind-tunnel with a built-in sand-storm."

Fun ahead

JUNIOR DIVISION SOFTBALL FINAL PLAY-OFF TOMORROW

It's Agonising



Watched by Mr John Jeffrey, head of the Department of Physical Education, Loughborough College of Technology, 17-year-old athlete John Whetton, of Mansfield, puts all his effort into his action on a dynamometer during exercises for the development of leg strength.

Whetton, a half-miler, was one of the young athletes attending the Easter coaching school recently at Lilleshall, Staffordshire.—Central Press Photo.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 12th Race Meeting 1958, 59 to be held on Saturday, 2nd May, 1959 (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House, the Club House, Happy Valley, and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Wednesday, 22nd April, 1959.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB 11TH RACE MEETING

Saturday 11th and Sunday 12th April, 1959.
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 20 RACES

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

No person without an admission badge which must be prominently displayed throughout the meeting will be admitted.
Admission badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, 5 D'Almeida Street and 382 Nathan Road only on the written introduction of a Member.

ADMISSION BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.
Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.
Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$2.00 in order to gain re-admission.
MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be available in the RESTAURANT.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each per day and \$40.00 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Almeida Street during office hours.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 10th April, 1959, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Special Cash Sweep Tickets on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 2nd May, 1959, at \$20.00 each may be obtained from the Club's Cash Sweep Office at—

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Almeida Street, Hong Kong on—

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday 4th April 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.
Saturday 11th and Saturday 12th April 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong and 382 Nathan Road, Kowloon, on—

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturday 4th April 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.
Saturday 11th and Saturday 12th April 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Hong Kong, 4th April, 1959.

Dodgers Picked To Win Their Fourth Title

By OLLY VAS

So far, so good. I have picked two 'winners' at King's Park in the form of the Braves as the men's senior champions and the South China as the ladies' title holders, with nary an error in my guess for the minor placings in both divisions.

On referring to the pre-season forecast made over seven months ago I note that my choice for the Junior Softball championship title was the Dodgers with the Cardinals offering the stiffest opposition.

I failed to give the Cheyennes an outside chance to be at the ball-park for a pennant play-off and on this point I erred.

It turned out differently in that the Cards ended up in the Junior league standings and the Cheyennes instead will turn up for a championship game appointment with the Filipinos tomorrow at 11.00 a.m.

This match highlights a mediocre league programme. Both teams have played 17 games each and lost only two to end up in a photo-finish for first place. Actually speaking the title should have been decided a long while ago as this deciding match is really a postponed league game but that is neither here nor there.

Let's take a look at the fortunes of both sides this season. It might help you to make your personal assessment of either team's chances.

In Safe Hands

Take the Dodgers first. They have three championships tucked away under their belts. In 1952/3 and in 1955/6 they won the Junior titles. They walked away with the Senior 'B' (now defunct) division title in 1957/78.

In manager Fred Diesta Sr. they have a double winner. Most Valuable Player in the Senior 'B' section in 1951/2 and a batting champion in the same division during the 1956/7 playing season. All of which is just one way of saying that the PI Dodgers are in safe hands.

Diesta is softball's most dedicated player, umpire and team manager. His enthusiasm for the game sometimes borders on the fanatical and he spurs his boys by personal example to maximum efforts on the field of play. As usual he entered a team in the league last year and they lived up to pre-season expectations except on two occasions when they had to concede defeat at the hands of the Diamonds who beat them 6-4 and also took a licking from the Comets by 12-7. Both teams are not exactly highly-rated and these were stunning upsets, both within four weeks.

Strong Last-Quarter
It took a strong last-quarter down the stretch and a favour done for them by the Cardinals before the Dodgers were assured of a crack at the title. They never looked back after this and they edged out by 3-2 their toughest opponents the Cheyennes to inflict on the latter the first defeat of the season.

Diesta Sr. has nothing definite in mind about tomorrow's line-up. It will probably be Baker Hui-min and Bosco Ozorio pitching and catching respectively. Hui-min is very steady and reliable on the mound while Ozorio tends to be somewhat erratic in his throwing although I must admit he has a very strong arm.

At first base Junior Diesta guards the rack with great gusto and at second base we have Charlie Hu. Nothing flashy about Hu but trustworthy. Lamberto Diesta is in charge of the hot corner, third base that is, while Kinson Leung will be seen at the short-stop position. The outfield is a safe one. Antonio Diesta at left shows speed, good judgment and confidence in his defensive play.

The Cheyennes will find it hard to whip the ball past Joseph Chen in centrefield and the right-field position will be filled from Celso Carrillo, Robert Hui-min, Joe Chappell or even the old veteran Diesta Sr. himself. A well-balanced side packing a lot of punch all-round with that vital commodity in abundance, playing experience.

Second Fiddle

Now for the Cheyennes. Robert Remedios' team have played in the Junior league for quite a spell now but have only copped one title, a sort of consolation prize when they won the Junior knockout series last year. Robert is understandably dissatisfied over this and you can't blame him if he has an eye on this year's league honours. They have until now been playing second fiddle to the Seminoles who obligingly moved up to the Senior division this season and so gave the Cheyennes a clear field or so they thought.

The Cheyennes breezed through their first ten games without making any sort of impression. In fact they had to fight tooth and nail in two games against the Comets whom they managed to beat by only a solitary run on both occasions, the first match going into extra time before the issue was decided in the Cheyennes' favour in the 11th inning.

Later they disposed of the Cardinals and finally their run of victories was halted by the Dodgers who nipped them 3-2. The Cardinals avenged their earlier defeat by downing the Cheyennes 6-3 in an eight-inning affair—much to the relief of the Dodgers who therefore

earned a chance for the play-off for the title as a result of the Cheyennes' second setback of the season.

On the whole the Cheyennes have not been playing the type of softball they are capable of. They have tended to take things easy and have had to rely on better and stronger finishing to win games. This attitude they cannot adopt against opponents like the Dodgers.

Tower Of Strength

Henry Vianna tosses the strikes for them with Tubby Vera at the receiving end. Carlos Azevedo is a tower of strength at first base while Eric Remedios shows a safe pair of hands at second. Johnny Chaves and Manuel Xavier alternate between third base and shortstop, a fast-moving duo with bullet-like legs.

The name of this superstitious star, who sees perils and pitfalls at practically every turn, is ALLAN BROWN, Scottish international inside-right of Luton Town and, currently, the most frightened man in Soccer.

Twice before—when he was with Blackpool—this modest, dark-haired Scot has been on the verge of winning the greatest prize in football... a Cup Final medal.

Each time his dreams of playing on Wembley's magic turf have been dashed virtually at the last moment.

It is as if some malicious genie, some cross-grained injury jinx—a cartilage put him out in 1951, a broken leg in 1952—is constantly hovering over Brown's head, ready to pounce once he gets within shooting distance of Wembley.

What, then, must be his feelings now with the prize right in front of his nose?

The Suspense

When I talked to him recently at the Beaumont hotel where Luton were snatching a much-needed break—they have to tackle a pile-up of 12 League games before Cup Final day on May 2—the 33-year-old star seemed calm enough.

He displayed no outward sign of apprehension or jitters. But his first words clearly spoke of the strain he was undergoing.

"I'm not normally superstitious," he told me with a wry grin, "and when I'm on the field I forget all my fears."

HE'S THE FRIGHTENED MAN OF FOOTBALL



BUT HERE HE TRIES TO RELAX
* ALLAN BROWN forgets his worries to clean his car... with help from Kathleen (10) and Allan (18).

For one famous footballer the next two weeks will be a nightmare of nagging doubts and fears. He will avoid walking under ladders in the street. He will step more warily down the stairs of his house. He will look carefully each way before crossing the road.

And if he sees a black cat he will touch it for luck.

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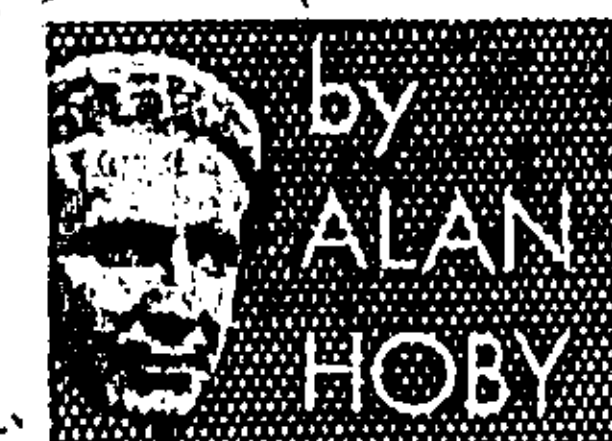
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by ALAN HOBY

"It is this waiting, this suspense, that kills... It's silly, I know, but I even wake up at nights in a sweat wondering whether I might not make it again... whether yet another last-minute injury will rule me out."

"Reaching the Cup Final is the most wonderful sensation in a footballer's life."

"This waiting, however, is all wrong. Two weeks between the semi-finals and final could be quite long enough."

Raw Recruit

I knew what Allan Brown was talking about even though I am not a professional footballer. I remember what Stanley Matthews told me after his historic display in the Blackpool-Bolton final six years ago.

Twice before Stanley had reached Wembley, only to wind up on the losing side—and he was feeling as nervous as the rawest recruit.

"In each of my three spells of waiting," he said, "I got that condemned cell feeling. I kept wondering whether I would get hurt before the big game. And the last fortnight is the worst."

"That's right," said Allan Brown when I reminded him how Stanley Matthews had felt.

"Did Stan tell you, too, how he came up to me before that Bolton final and said 'Hard luck, old chap, I wish you could come with us?'"

"No," I replied. "Well, he did," said Brown. "My broken leg was then in plaster—it was like that for 10 weeks—and I was hobbling around on crutches."

"Privately, I thought my last Wembley chance had gone. But, naturally, I couldn't show my real feelings, so when Stanley said that to me I simply smiled and replied—"

"Never mind, Stan, there must be a third time for me." Brown went on: "There's nothing to beat the Wembley atmosphere. It's far more tense, for instance, than Hampden Park, Glasgow."

"How do you know?" I asked. "You've never even played at Wembley, have you?"

"No. But I've twice walked out of the Wembley tunnel on to that wonderful pitch with that deafening roar in your ears. Remember, I watched both those Cup Finals from the Blackpool-Bolton final six years ago."

"Remember, too, that I've got a Scottish Cup runners-up medal. I played for East Fife in the 1949 Final when Rangers beat us 3-0."

"Is Cup-tension the reason you've been playing badly lately?" I asked.

"It has a lot to do with it," he replied. "It doesn't matter how experienced you are. You notice the strain, particularly in the Cup. It affects all of us to a greater or lesser degree."

"Lucky Suit"

"Just now," said Brown again, "I remarked that I'm usually superstitious. That's not quite true."

"Every time Luton have played away in the Cup I've worn the same brown suit. But now I'm in a quandary."

"For our trip to Wembley we are all being fitted out with brand-new flannels, blazers, shirts, and ties—plus a special Luton Town straw hat made by the same firm which supplies Maurice Chevalon with his famous bowlers."

"My wife, Connie, hasn't seen one of Luton's Cup games—in case it brought me bad luck. She even refused to go in the special bus laid on for players' wives before the Norwich Cup tie."

"Will she go to Wembley?" I said.

"Oh, yes," he replied with a smile, "and we'll take two of the kids, the eldest, Kathleen, aged ten, and Allan, who is eight. Four-year-old Wendy, the little one, will stay at home."

Finally I asked: How many of those 12 outstanding League games will you play in? Luton have to get through seven in 14 days, haven't they?

"I'll play in as many matches as they want me to," Brown replied. "It's not the playing that matters. It's THE WAITING...."

"But," he said, as I wished him the best of Wembley luck, "it's still a marvellous feeling, for all the worry. I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"And I think 1959 is going to be Luton's—AND Allan Brown's—Cup year."

(London Express Service)

THE PENALTY THAT WASN'T AWARDED

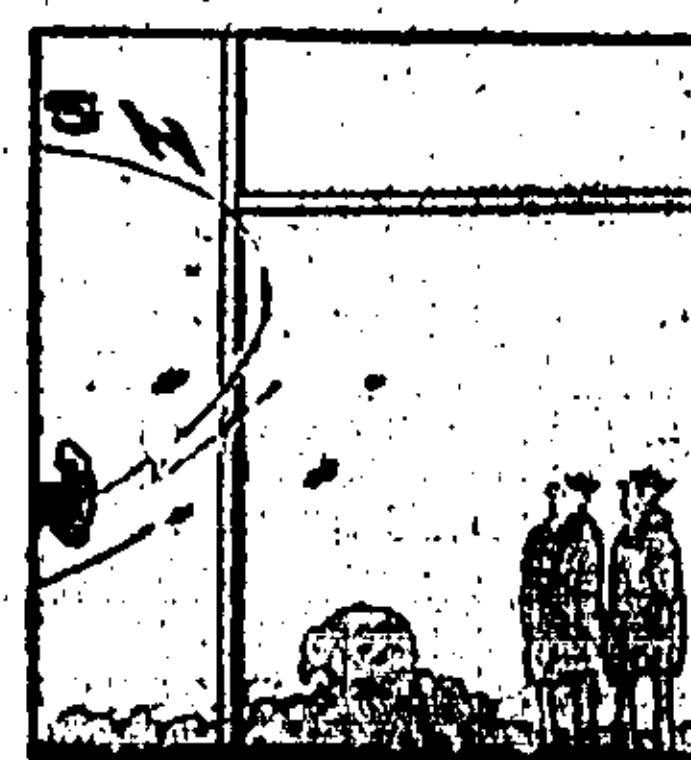


England beat Scotland by 1-0 in their recent international soccer match at Wembley, but to most of the home supporters, the English players should have won by at least two goals.

The sequence camera shows here that England should have had a penalty in the last minute. Scotland goalkeeper Bill Brown dives at centre-forward Bobby Charlton's feet, and unmistakably holds on to his left foot with his right hand. But the referee missed it.—Central Express Photo.

POP—Scrumious

557



Whatever your sport you can't beat

Carlsberg



Nominate YOUR Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

(1) Footballing prowess.

(2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to the Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street.

To the Editor, China Mail,

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into account his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is:

of the..... Club,

(Signed).....

International Rugby Preview CHAMPIONS FRANCE MUST BEWARE OF THE IRISH

By JOHN COTTRELL

Although the 1958-59 International Championship has already been decided, the meeting of Ireland and France in Dublin today can provide the most entertaining rugby of a somewhat disappointing season—and perhaps the biggest shock.

Here are the two countries best equipped to take full advantage of the new laws and produce a fast and open game. Both have forwards of great fire, speed and handling ability; both pack a heavy punch behind the scrum.

All they need to provide a spectacular and exciting match is a fast, firm surface at Lansdowne Road.

The legendary "luck of the Irish" has never been in evidence this season. They dominated most of the game against England but lost 3-0. They led 6-0 at half-time against Wales but undeservedly lost 8-6.

Now they face France, International Champions for the first time in half a century, and undefeated in their last five Championship matches. Iron paper, Ireland look favourites for the wooden spoon.

Toughest Game

Yet I believe this will be France's toughest game of the season. If the Greens are able to hold the Blues at bay, they have sufficient power behind the scrum to cause the shock of the season by humbling the "silly" champions of the world.

Of course, only England has been able to match the forward strength of France this season. And that was because the

French pack were reduced to a disorganised rabble in the absence of their leader and inspiration, Lucien Mias.

This time, France fields the same fifteen which scored a great victory over Wales in Paris. And the incomparable Mias will be at the helm, making his last international appearance before taking up the less hectic life of a country doctor.

Franco's Aim

On their form against Wales, the French forwards can win the day in Dublin. But it should be remembered that many of the pack went on the South African tour and are now nearing the end of their third successive season, which has included a strenuous French club championship programme.

It will be France's aim to keep the game forward as much as possible, for Ireland's superiority lies in their strong attacking three-quarter line, potentially the most dangerous in the home countries.

The French are expert at standing right on top of their opponents in midfield, but fly-

half Mike English should still use his centres as much as possible and try the short attacking kick over the Frenchmen's heads.

A Great Leader

Malcolm Thomas, the Welsh fly-half, scored a great victory over Wales in Paris. And the incomparable Mias will be at the helm, making his last international appearance before taking up the less hectic life of a country doctor.

Quick healing in the loose will be essential if Ireland are to make full use of their powerful attack. And fortunately the Irish forwards have a great leader in Ronnie Dawson, hooker and captain of the British Lions.

The forward battle will certainly be the most interesting and important feature of the Dublin international. It will also provide the best opportunity to assess the greatness of the French pack.

But, win or lose, there can be no denying that France are worthy International Champions. This season, they have given the other home countries a much-needed lesson on how rugby should really be played.

There Should Be A Frank Statement About All The Strange Manila Happenings

"The Hongkong Football Association should hold a full scale investigation into the recent visit of the official Hongkong team to Manila to take part in the Asian Cup. When the inquiry is over it should publish an open report of the findings. The football public should be told the true background to what went on in the Philippines and why the results were as they were."

These are not my words. I extracted them from a letter I received from a gentleman who had a very good close-up picture of what happened to Hongkong's representatives in Manila.

There used to be a well-known local sports journalist in the Colony who used the title "Without Fear or Favour" for his column and although he and I crossed friendly swords on many issues I cannot think of a more fitting motto for a local inquiry on the Manila issue.

Let me quote other items from the letter I have received.

"The Hongkong team sent to the Philippines could have beaten ANY other team in the competition on level terms. They never had a chance. They were not beaten by the players who were set against them.

Embarrassing

Now I know only too well that it is easy to get mixed up in all sorts of bitter and even irrelevant controversies, to obtain deliberately distorted facts, and even to be misled by warped evaluations. But these comments were made by a man of established integrity who has absolutely no connection with football in Hongkong. It is for that reason, and that reason alone, that I feel it is worth mentioning here.

Since the strong views were expressed to me I have made discrete inquiries and now there is not the slightest doubt in my mind... or in many others' minds that things were far from satisfactory in Manila. It is no part of my job to make any of the reported facts public... but the HKFA is surely in an embarrassing position.

The reports must have reached their official ears. It is impossible to walk a couple of yards down the soccer byways without hearing hoary and doubtless embellished tales of the "Trouble in Manila" and it would be in the best interests of everyone if the Football Association appointed a neutral committee to investigate and report its findings.

Incompatibles

Sports and politics are incompatible whether attempted in a straight mixture or disguised in a cocktail of circumstances.

These things however, apparently reach deep. It is even being stated quite openly that the "Youth" team which we have sent to Malaya is not by any means our best and those in the know think it is rather amusing to hear men who were violently opposed to the project a few weeks ago now publicly acclaiming it after the players have been "discovered". One only wonders why there should be such a radical change of attitude.

I leave it to you to decide for yourselves.

This afternoon one of the most picturesque sporting events of the year will take place in the Colony. It is the annual "Head of the Bay" Race.

With the other, and probably more famous, Boat Race still very vivid in the memory—particularly those memories with an Oxford sympathy—there should be no lack of interest in our own home-made counterpart.

The race is scheduled to start sharp at 4 o'clock. It will be rowed by Fours over a course which starts from the bay (adjuncting the old Bank Film Studio, through the gap between Middle Island and Hongkong.

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

round a marker in South Bay and thence round Middle Island to the finish in front of the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club shed.

Unless it is a particularly calm day this looks like a course ideally chosen to test the fitness and stamina of competitors to the fullest extent and as one of the organising officials commented... "if everything goes well, we should have a really thrilling finish with all the crews getting to the finishing line together."

Handicap Basis

With this in mind I shall explain that the Race is being run on the handicap basis. The actual handicaps will be decided on the day of the race after the prevailing conditions have been viewed and considered.

According to the present arrangements the crews will start in two groups. First the heavy Fours will start together and as things are planned they will probably be followed, after about a one-minute interval, by the light Fours. The first crew past the finishing post is the outright winner.

This year five crews are competing. There will be three in the Light Fours. Under the Army flag will row Messrs White (Bow), Ridley, Lee and Hinks (Stroke) while in the Oxford boat Gilmore will be at the bow followed by Muntz and Barnard with Williams stroking. The third crew in this section is entered as the Professionals and the arrangement will be Messrs Williams (Bow), Dunkley, Carey and Zimmerman (Stroke).

In the heavy Fours section two crews are entered. In the first of these boats the honour of the Royal Navy will be in the hands of the Oxford crew of Messrs Brown (Stroke), Lemonde, W. S. Adis and C. P. Adis (Stroke) while the Green Howards, who are

A Moment To Remember



To England captain, Billy Wright, this is probably one of the greatest moments in his football career as he leads the England team into the Wembley field for their match against Scotland recently. The match marks Wright's 100th appearance for England. Leading the Scottish team is their skipper, Bobby Evans. England won the game by 1-0.—Central Press Photo.

felt that neutral umpires would probably have given very different decisions from those given by the officials who were in charge.

"Do something about it in your column," said my angry friend. "It's time a few people in the hockey world started thinking through neutral minds." Unfortunately I get little chance to see hockey being played in the Colony and I certainly did not attend the game which apparently caused all the heart burning but I do know there are many supporters for the 'neutral umpires' suggestion.

Let's Be Fair

But let us be fair. It is terribly easy to criticise and it is very easy to tell other folks what to do but I am assured by one prominent hockey personality that the provision of umpires for games is the biggest headache which our local association has to face.

Basically it must always be a good idea, whenever possible, to appoint referees—and I use that in the general sense to cover the courageous folks who control games—who have no direct connection with the competing teams. I know our hockey officials well enough to believe that no one would welcome such a situation more than they would themselves... but until there is a greater show of willingness on the part of

people who might be competent to umpire hockey matches then it seems that the HKHA will have to continue with its present arrangements.

Everything will have to depend on the impartiality and sportsmanship of the officials who see that the laws of the game are observed by those who play... don't ever forget however that it is astonishing how many players and spectators do not have a comprehensive knowledge of the finer points of the rules of the game which they play and which with such enthusiasm. That is true of many games—not just of hockey... but it is the real cause of a lot of the so called referee trouble!

... and finally a "tall-wagger." A prominent Chinese gentleman who formerly had important soccer interests was approached by an influential group this week with the suggestion that they be allowed to put forward his nomination for the Chairmanship of the HKFA.

His reply? It was interesting... "Definitely 'No'... I wouldn't touch the job with a barge pole with a pineapple on the end!!!"

Cricket Nursery

By DEREK JOHN

Current wonder boy of cricket is 14-year-old Mushtaq Mohammad, who was hailed as the world's youngest Test player when he appeared for Pakistan against the West Indies in the Third Test.

But is Mohammad really 14-year-old? And is it just by chance that Pakistan produces younger Test cricketers than any other country?

I can't help wondering about it since children in Pakistan do not get a birth certificate until they go to school. There is no hard-and-fast proof of a Pakistani's precise birthday.

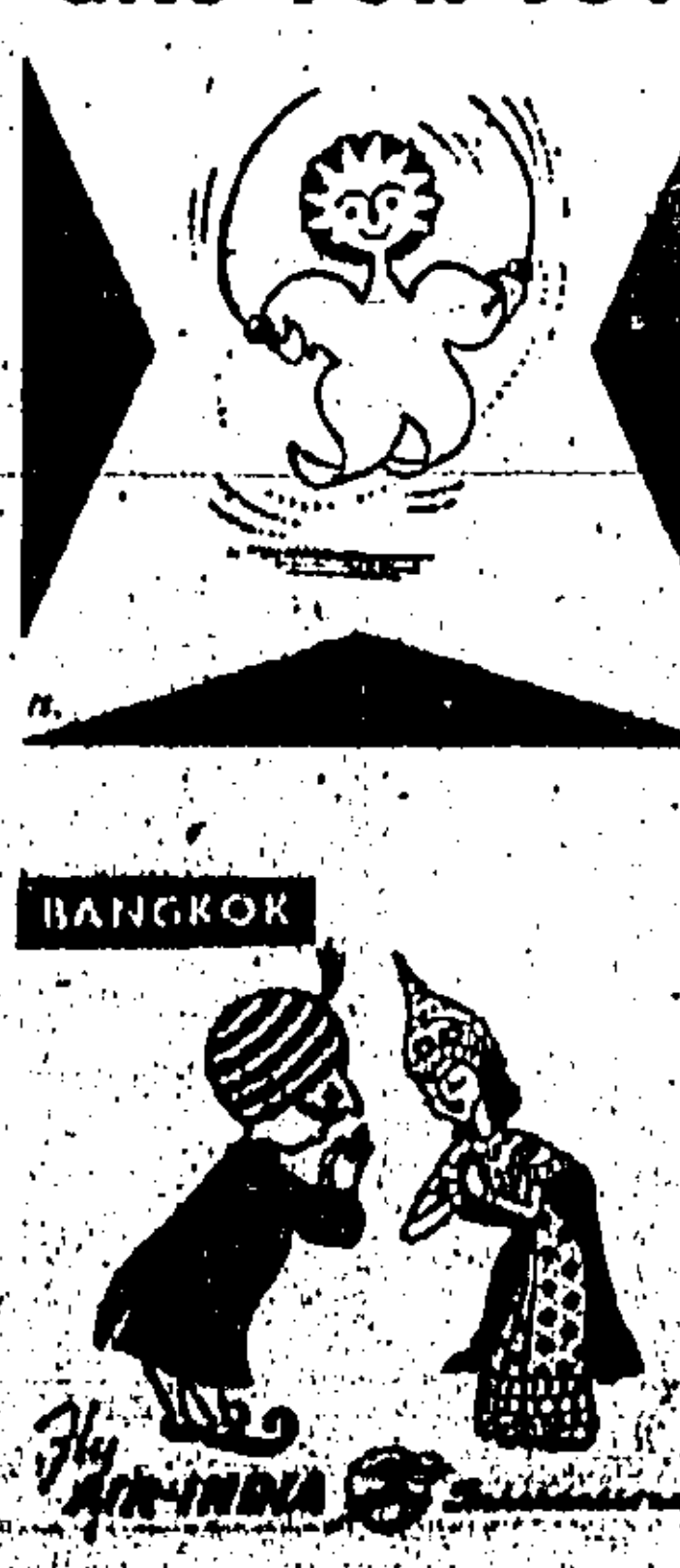
Of course, it can be argued that Pakistan, as the youngest of the seven Test-playing countries, seeks to bring on its youngsters as fast as possible.

But I see no reason to suppose that players mature at an earlier age in that part of the world. For there is not one Indian among the top ten youngest Test cricketers.

THE GAMBOLS... By Barry Appleby



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CHINA MAIL

Page 18 SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1959.

SHEAFFER'S
ADMIRAL "SHARK" PEN

Rioting Convicts Threaten To Burn Hostages

29 Dead In Floods: Disease Threat

Buenos Aires, April 17. At least 29 people died in Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay this week as a result of the worst floods in South American history, a check showed today.

Authorities moved quickly to prevent epidemics among the hundreds of thousands of homeless.

The town of Quilmes, 125 miles up the swollen Uruguay river from Buenos Aires, reported it had been invaded by snakes and appeared unrecognizable for snake bite medicine.

Anti-typhoid vaccine was being rushed to stricken areas by plane and river boat.

Health officials ruled that everyone evacuated from their homes must be inoculated against typhoid.

Scavengers

Police were kept busy by human scavengers preying on flood victims. Fifteen cases of assault were reported in a 24-hour period in greater Buenos Aires.

Brutal punishment was ordered for rioters.

In Concordia, one of the worst hit cities, police and soldiers were ordered to shoot looters on sight.

Planes took advantage of the first clear skies in more than a week to parachute relief supplies to Concordia and other badly stricken areas.

A newsmen who flew over Concordia reported at least one fifth of the city still was under water.—U.P.I.

Nine Dead In Riots

Calcutta, April 17. Nine people were killed and several others injured in riots that broke out over the killing of a cow in Muzaffarpur, North Bihar, today.

The clash occurred between religious groups at a fair. Armed police imposed a dusk-to-dawn curfew on the town and the situation was reportedly under control.—France-Press.

Deer Lodge, Montana, April 17. Rebellious convicts in control of Montana State Prison today released one of 19 hostages but seized five more and threatened them with death by fire and hanging.

As the outbreak neared the 24-hour mark there were these developments:

• Chris Klein, a guard, was released from the grim, grey-walled 80-year-old prison because he is a diabetic.

• National Guardsmen, armed with rifles, carbines and sub-machineguns and carrying bayonets on their belts, cleared the streets of the newsmen and spectators a block from the prison.

• Prison sociologist Dr. Walter Jones, 24, was released as a hostage but went back into the prison to act as intermediary between the rifle- and knife-wielding convicts and prison officials.

The riot, which broke out yesterday afternoon, has already taken the life of Deputy Warden Theodore Rott, who was shot and resulted in the wounding by knife of William Cox, a guard.

The convicts, who told reporters of their complaints on the understanding that these would not be disclosed "unless and until they released the hostages," were said to be still poised on the brink of murderous action.

Stool Pigeons

Although prison officials said there were only 18 hostages all guards, or prison employees, the convicts told reporters at a conference late today that they were holding 23 men, including some stool pigeons.

The "stool pigeons" were believed to be fellow convicts whom the rioters felt had betrayed them and their cause to the authorities. Their identities were not known.

The convicts today released the prison psychologist to allow him to describe the latest situation inside.

"It's tighter than hell in there," the psychologist, Dr. Jones, told reporters. Guards held hostage were "all set up to be killed."

"Some will be hanged. I am going back in. I don't know for how long. The inmates are tough. Any little thing will set it off."

During his eight-minute freedom Dr. Jones pleaded with officials to "please leave this in the warden's hands. If you take it out of the warden's hands and storm the gates, we've all had it."

Burn Alive

Ringling the 90-year-old for-the-like prison were about 150 State National Guardsmen (Territorial) armed with automatic rifles and bayonets.

They had been in position for hours ready to storm the

prison, but the order was delayed indefinitely when the convicts threatened to kill the 18 hostages alive with petrol.

Since the revolt began yesterday hope has ebbed and flowed for the captives.

Soon after the murder of the deputy warden, the prison warden, Mr. Floyd Powell, who had been captured at knife point, walked to safety, escorted by a convict armed with a meat cleaver.

Tension Rose

Tension mounted all through the night, but authorities held back on plans to storm the prison walls at dawn after the rioters had threatened to burn the hostages alive.

A little later the prison chaplain, Father Gerald Lynam, raised hopes by saying that "everything is going to be all right."

But shortly afterwards Dr. Jones made his announcement, and urged guardsmen to "leave this in the warden's hands."

The complaints made to the reporters remained a secret tonight, but one of the convicts, Jerry Myles, a convicted burglar, shouted over the prison public address system to the listening troops that the chief cause of the revolt were what he called "poor medical care, filthy sanitation, and the policies of the State Parole Board."

He said they were also demanding the removal of the present director of that board.—U.P.I. & Reuter.

RAF CALLED IN TO HELP SULTAN

Aden, April 17. Three Royal Air Force planes have flown from here to western Aden Protectorate where a new outbreak of desert fighting has been reported. It was learned today.

The planes were dispatched after Sultan Awadh Bin Salih Bin Abdullah of the Protectorate's Upper Aulahi Sultanate appealed to the Aden Government for help.

Skirmishing was reported to have broken out two days ago between Maraziq tribesmen and local troops in the Sultanate.

The reports said two tribesmen and three troopers had been killed and another trooper injured.

REDIFFUSION

11.30 p.m., Morning Medley; 11.30. The Moonlight; 12 Noon, Tune Time; 12.30 p.m., Three On A Mile; 1. Keyboard Concerto; 1.25. Western Report, News and Special Announcements; 1.50. George Melachrino and Orchestra; 2. Hilda of 1929; 2.30. John Dismus; 4. Songs; 4.10. The Prairie; 4.30. Rhythm Parade; 5. Unit Requests—Nancy Wilson; 5. Birthday; 5.15. Magic; 5.30. Meet The Stars; Dorothy Squires; Dean Martin; 5.45. Is Where You Find Me; 6. Demuth; 7.30. Interlude For Music; 8. Time Signal and News; 8.50. Weather Forecast; 9. German Industry Fair; 9.50. Voice Of Sport; 10. Top Tunes; 10.15. Nick Kendall; 10.30. Crime Club; 10.45. Dance Party; 11. Ray Cordell; 11.15. News; 11.30. Dance Party; 11.30. Starlight Serenade; 12. Midnight, Close Down.

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TUNNEL SCHEME

Paris, April 17. Three leading French civil engineers outlined here last night some novel ideas for an English Channel tunnel.

The 22 miles long from Cap Gris Nez to Folkestone.

They include a concrete island in mid-channel where the water is only 12 feet deep and a chimney rising 120 feet above the sea from a giant air extraction plant.

The engineers, M. Andre Bessevant, Andre Querrin and Louis Denis, told a special meeting of the French Society of Civil Engineers that their plans solved the biggest problem facing channel-tunnel-builders: That of ventilation.—China Mail Special.

Freaks Born

Syracuse, N.Y., April 17. The Regional Health Director for New York State's Health Department, Dr. John Gentry, was reported, as saying today that an unusually large number of malformed babies were being born in up-state New York where quantities of radio-active rock were exposed.—Reuter.

BERLIN: "UK PRESS TIMID"

Washington, April 17. The State Department expressed dismay today over what it called the attitude of "timidity" by the British Press over high-level American Air Force flights to Berlin.

Press officer Lincoln White also flatly denied reports of a split within the United States Government over the flights.

Russia has protested against the high-altitude flights by C-130 turbo-prop aircraft in the corridors linking Communist-encircled Berlin with West Germany.

It contends such flights must be below 10,000 feet and several U.S. planes have been buzzed or harassed by Soviet jets.

The State Department's action criticizing the Press of a friendly ally was highly unusual.

White said, however, "There is (American) Government-wide approval of the use of C-130's into and out of Berlin."

He repeated that this country does not accept any limitation whatever on its right to fly at any altitude it wants in the corridors.

"Provocative"

Other officials said President Eisenhower personally had approved the policy.

White's statement emphatically rejected British Press assertions that the continued American flights were "provocative" and jeopardized East-West negotiations with Russia on Berlin and Germany.

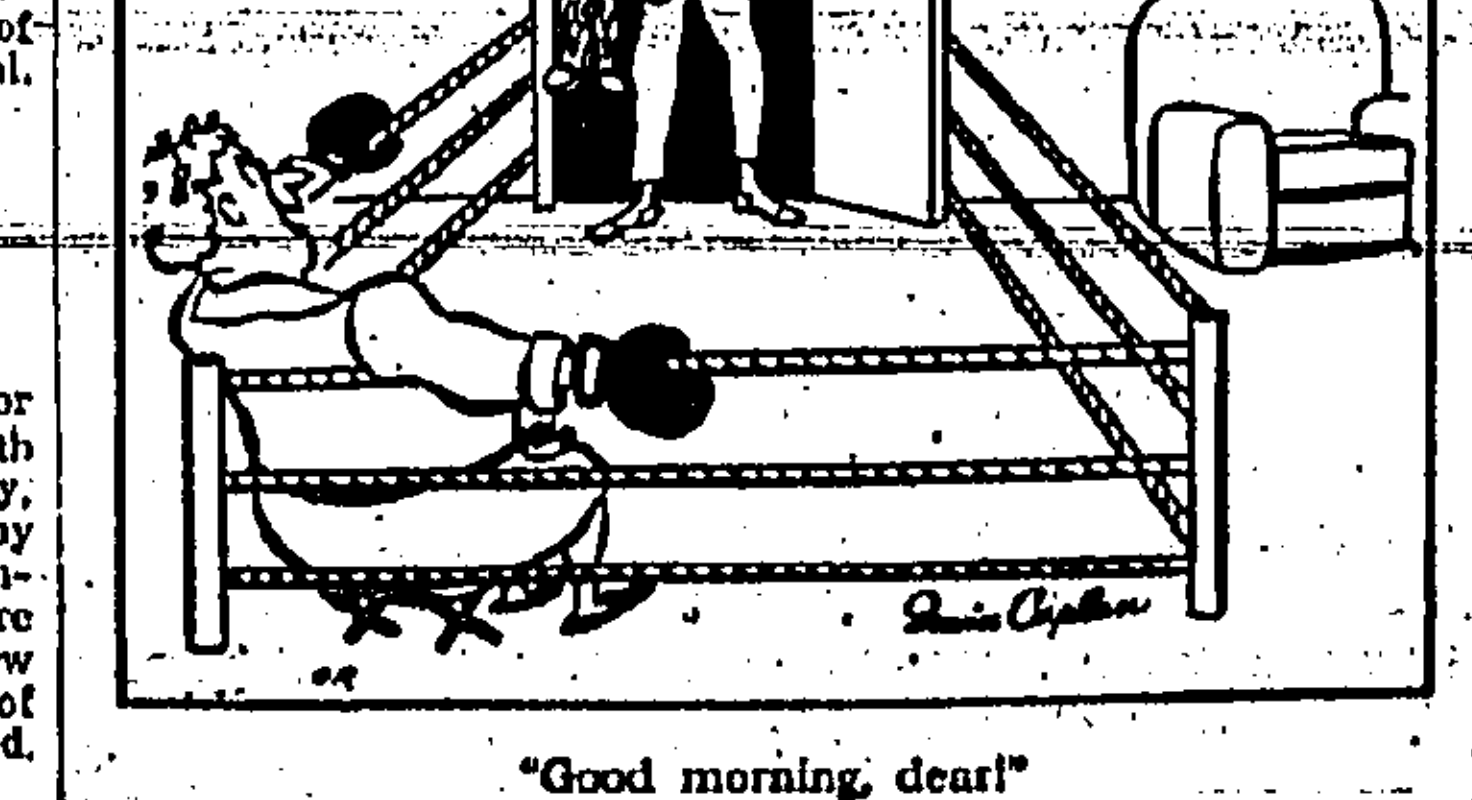
"There is a certain amount of dismay in Washington over the attitude expressed in these British news stories of timidity toward anything we do in the maintenance of our rights in Berlin as provocative to the Soviet Union," the American spokesman said.—U.P.I.

Answer To "Did It Happen?" on Page 6.

—Yes

This Funny World

The engineers, M. Andre Bessevant, Andre Querrin and Louis Denis, told a special meeting of the French Society of Civil Engineers that their plans solved the biggest problem facing channel-tunnel-builders: That of ventilation.—China Mail Special.



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Hongkong, 18th Apr., 1959.

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TELEVISION

2 p.m., Highway Patrol; 2.25. Eddie Cantor Show; 2.50. Cantonese Feature; "The Golden Tulip"; Kwong Tak-hing; 4.30. Tuxedo Annie; 5. Children's Hour—Cartoons; 5.15. Puppets On Black—Calvin Wong; 5.30. Jungle Jim; 6. Close Down; 6.30. Saturday Variety Show; 7. The Naked City; 7.15. Melville James Francis; 7.30. Nick Kendall; 8.30. Bob Cummings Show; 9. Newsweek; 9.15. Top Plays Of 1959; No. 7: Reign Of Annelika; 9.40. Evening Feature; Marx Brothers in "Kleptomaniacs"; Hona Massey, Vera Elch, Marion Hutton; 11. Late Night Film.

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